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MENTAL PLEASURES,

OR,

SELECT ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and POEMS.

By the Author of Pleasing Reflections.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 JUN 63

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JUN

Genius in the Temple of Learning, selecting Essays.
From fugitive Publications in
Prose & Verse.

Pubd March 1. 1791. by Hamilton

Mary Proby. given me by my Beloved Father. 1803

MENTAL PLEASURES,

OR,

SELECT ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and POEMS;

EXTRACTED CHIEFLY FROM

FUGITIVE PUBLICATIONS,

AND CALCULATED

To IMPROVE AND ENTERTAIN THE MIND.

WITH

OCCASIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PLEASING REFLECTIONS, &c.

UTILE DULCI,

Of all the Pleasures that engage Mankind,
None can exceed the Pleasures of the Mind;
To Mental Pleasures then let all attend,
For they Amusement with Instruction blend. G. W.

LONDON:

Printed for A. HAMILTON, Russell-Court, Covent-Garden.

1791.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the *galenic* way: their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay writer must practice in the *chemical* method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. —Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper.— There would be scarcely any such a thing in nature as a *folio*. The works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated."

PREFACE.

"THE humble office of a compiler, though it affords little scope for the display of ability, and is at best but a slender ground of reputation, is by no means without its use with respect to the public. When books, in any branch of science, or species of writing, have been so multiplied, that it is become exceedingly difficult for any one person to peruse them; or when the most valuable productions are dispersed through a great number of volumes, and mingled with others either wholly useless, or of inferior merit; it is then truly desirable, that those pieces which are most excellent in each kind, should be selected from the rest*, and brought into one view."

THE

* "Miscellaneous Collections of this Kind are become very numerous; but as they generally consist of *Moral* Pieces, they are, to say the least of them, innocent, as well as Entertaining. The multiplication therefore of such compilements, is no disservice to Society." See Monthly Review, for August, 1788.

THE EDITOR of the following Selection, has endeavoured to make it subserve the desirable purposes of instruction and entertainment, by intermixing useful reflections on the most interesting subjects, with amusing *Anecdotes*, striking *Characters*, and lively *Poems;* how far he has succeeded in his attempt, must be left to the determination of the *candid* reader.

John Street,
January 28th, 1791.

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15 JUN 63

MENTAL

MENTAL PLEASURES

OR

SELECT ESSAYS, &c.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

THE PLEASURES OF REFLECTION *

They who reflection's voice attend,
Will find true pleasure in the end.

THAT the enjoyments of the understanding exceed the pleasures of sense, is a truth, confessed by all who are capable of exerting the faculties of thinking in their full vigour. But by these pleasures are generally understood sublime contemplations on subjects of science and abstruse disquisitions; contemplations which can only be the result of uncommon powers, and extraordinary efforts.

* The Pleasures of Reflection may be justly stil'd *Mental* Pleasures or Pleasures of the mind.

HOWEVER there are intellectual pleasures of *another* kind; to the enjoyment of which, neither great abilities nor much learning are required. These are no other than the pleasures of *reflection*, which are open to the illiterate mechanic, as well as to the sage philosopher, and constitute some of the sweetest satisfactions of human life.

THERE are but few, who have not felt pleasing sensations arising from a retrospective view of the *first* period of their lives. To recollect the puerile amusements, the petty anxieties, and the eager pursuits of childhood, is a task in which all delight. It is common to observe, that on no subject do men dwell with such pleasure, as the boyish tricks and wanton pranks which they practised when at school. The hoary head looks back with a smile of complacency, mixed with regret, on the season when health glowed on the cheek, when lively spirits warmed the heart, and activity strung the nerves with vigour.

CICERO has remarked, that events the most disagreeable, during their immediate influence, give an exquisite pleasure when their consequences have ceased; and Æneas solaces his companions, under the hardships they endured, with this consideration, that

that the remembrance of their sufferings would, one day, give them satisfaction.

REFLECTION is the properest employment, and the sweetest satisfaction, in a rational old age. Destitute of strength and vigour necessary for bodily exertions, and furnished with observations by experience, the old man finds his greatest pleasure to consist in wandering in imagination over past scenes of delight, in recounting the adventures of his youth, the vicissitudes of human life, and the public events to which he is proud of having been an eye-witness.

THE professors of philosophy, who will be acknowledged to have understood the nature of true and substantial pleasure better than the busy, the gay, and the dissipated, have ever shewn a predilection for privacy and solitude. No other cause have they assigned for their conduct in forsaking society, than that the noise and hurry of the world is incompatible with the exertion of calm reason and dispassionate reflection.

WERE the powers of reflection cultivated by habit, mankind would at all times be able to derive a pleasure from their own breasts, as rational as it is exalted. To the attainment of this happiness, a strict adherence to the rules of *virtue* is absolutely neces-

sary *; for let it ever be remembered, that none can feel the true pleasures of reflection, who do not enjoy the peace of virtuous innocence.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

May all young people good instruction prize;
In youth, in manhood, and in age be wise.

THERE seems to be a peculiar propriety in addressing precepts to the rising generation. Besides that, like travellers entering on a journey, they want direction, there are circumstances alfo which render it probable, that instruction will be more efficacious in youth then at a maturer period. —Long habits of business or pleasure, and an indiscriminate intercourse with mankind, often produce a great degree of insensibility; and the battered veteran at last considers the admonitions of the moralist as the vain babblings of a sophist, or the idle declamations of a school-boy. To him it is no less fruitless to address a moral discourse, than to present to the deaf, the charms of melody, or to the blind, the beauties of a picture.

BUT youth possesses sensibility, and unless education has been totally neglected, or erroneously pursued,

* Virtue alone is Happiness below. POPE.

pursued, its habits are often virtuous. Furnished with a natural susceptibility, and free from any acquired impediments, the mind is then in the most favourable state, for the admission of instruction, and for learning how to live.

I WILL then suppose a young gentleman present, who is just entering on the stage of life, to act his part according to his own judgement. I will address him with all the affection and sincerity of a parent, in the following manner:

"YOU have violent passions implanted in you by Nature for the accomplishment of her purposes. But do not conclude, as many have done to their ruin, that because they are violent, they are irresistable. The same Creator who gave you passions, gave you also reason to regulate and govern them. Religion, added to the light of Nature and the experience of mankind, has concurred in establishing it as an unquestionable truth, that the irregular or intemperate indulgence of the passions, is always attended, with pain more or less, which greatly exceeds its pleasure.

"YOUR passions will be easily kept under, if you really wish and seriously endeavour to restrain them. But the greater part of young men study

to inflame their fury, and give them a degree of force, which they possess not in a state of Nature. They knowingly and willingly sacrifice to momentary gratifications, the comfort of all which should sweeten the remainder of life. Begin then with most sincerely endeavouring to conquer these subtle and powerful enemies which you carry in your own bosom. Pray for divine assistance. Avoid solitude, the first moment a loose thought insinuates itself, and hasten to the improving company of those whom you respect. Never converse on subjects which lead to impure ideas. Always decline reading immoral books, which tend to vitiate the mind. Be industrious, and trust in Providence.

" THUS shall you please God: and displease none but an ill-judging and wicked world.

" THE foolish ambition of arriving at the character of a man of spirit by vicious audacity, has of late universally prevailed, and has ruined the greater part of the British youth. Far more have taken pains to shine, amidst the little circle of their vicious acquaintance, in the character of gay libertines, than to acquire, by useful qualities, the esteem of the good and virtuous. To be admitted into the company of those who disgrace the family

family title which they inherit, thousands plunge into debauchery without passion, into drunkenness without convivial enjoyment, and into gaming without the means or inclination for play. When vanity at length retreats from insult and mortification, avarice succeeds; and meanness, disease, disgrace, poverty, discontent, and despair, diffuse clouds and darkness over the evening of life. Such is the lot of those who glory in their shame, and ought to be ashamed of their glory.

" HAVE sense and resolution enough, therefore, to give up all pretensions to those titles of a fine fellow, a rake, or whatever vulgar name the temporary cant of the vicious bestows on the distinguished libertine. Cherish virtuous principles, and be ever steady in your conduct. And tho' your exemplary behaviour, may bring upon you the insulting and ironical appellation of a Saint, a Puritan, or even a Methodist, *persevere*. It will be *your* turn in a few years, not indeed to insult but to *pity*. Shew your spirit, but let it be that spirit which urges you to proceed, against all opposition, in the virtuous path in which you were placed by the faithful guides of your infancy and youth. Display a noble superiority in daring to disregard the artful reproaches of the vain, who labour to make you a convert to folly, in order to

to keep *themselves* in countenance. They will laugh at you at first it may be, but esteem you in their hearts, even while they laugh, and in the end, revere your virtue.

" LET that generous courage which conscious rectitude inspires, enable you to despise and neglect the assaults of ridicule. When all other modes of attack have failed, ridicule has succeeded. The bulwark of virtue, which has stood firmly against the weapons of argument, has tottered on its basis, or fallen to the ground, at the slightest touch of magic ridicule. In the college, in the army, in the world at large, it is the powerful engine which is used to level an exalted character. You will infallibly be attacked with it, if you are in any respect singular, and singular in many respects you must be, if you are eminently virtuous.

" LOVE truth, and dare to speak it. The man of the world will tell you, you must dissemble; and so you must, if your objects and pursuits are as mean and selfish as his. But your purposes are generous; and your means of obtaining them, therefore, undisguised. You will indeed do right to wish to please, but you must only wish to please the *worthy*, and none but worthy actions will effect that purpose.

WITH

WITH respect to the *art of pleasing*, which requires the sacrifice of your sincerity, despise it as the base quality of flatterers, sycophants, cheats, and scoundrels. An habitual liar, must possess a poor and pusillanimous heart; for lying originates in cowardice and fraud; and a liar, whatever may be his station in life, would certainly, if he were sure of secrecy, be also a thief. Sorry I am to say, that this habit is very common in the world; especially among those, whose *false* honour would compel them to stab you to the heart, if you were to tell them plainly so mortifying a truth, that you convict them of a *lie*.

"WITH all your good qualities, unite the humility of a christian. Be not morose. Be cautious of over-valuing yourself. Make allowances for the vices and errors which you will daily see in others. Remember that all have not had the benefit of moral instructions, that a great part of mankind are in effect orphans turned loose into the wide world, without one faithful friend to give them advice; left to find their own way in a dark and rugged wilderness, with snares, quick-sands and chasms, around them. Be candid therefore, and, amongst all the improvements of education and refinements of manners, let the beautiful Christian graces of Meekness and Benevolence shine most conspicuous.

Whenever

Whenever you can, relieve distress, prevent mischief, and do good; but be neither ostentatious nor censorious.

"BE chearful, and gratefully enjoy the blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you; but be moderate. Moderation is the law of enjoyment *. All beyond, is nominal pleasure and real pain.

"CHUSE good books, and follow their directions. Adopt religious, virtuous, manly principles. Fix them deeply in your bosom, and let them go with you unshaken and unaltered to the grave.

"IF you follow such advice as, from the pure motive of serving you most essentially, I have given you, I will not, indeed, promise that you shall not be unfortunate, according to the common idea of the word; but I will confidently assure you, that you shall not be unhappy. I will not absolutely promise you worldly success, but I will engage that you shall deserve it, and know how to bear the want of it without repining.

THE

* Moderation preserveth Health, but excess destroys it.

THE DIFFERENT CONDITIONS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

Spring and Winter well depicture Youth and Age.

THE glow of youthful blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, have ever represented the morning of life like the morning of day; when every thing is fresh and chearful, inviting enjoyment, and contributive of pleasure.

ALL things appear charming as in the season of spring, inspiring us with rapture, and inviting us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but a transitory existence, the edge which tasting gives to our appetites, a full meal is sure to blunt; therefore those who seek no higher enjoyments than from their sensual passions, will be sure to experience satiety in their indulgence; nature having doomed us to weariness in all the full gratifications of our animal senses.

THOSE only continue happy, who are so wise and prudent as to lay in early a stock for true permanent satisfaction; which is of a nature less violent, but infinitely more durable. This store must be composed of virtue, wisdom, and their fruits; which

which are knowledge, temperance, and discretion, the needful instruments of all true felicity.

YOUTH, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of Age; to attain which, reason will have recourse to the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of wisdom that age appears venerable; and without the power of doing it, it forfeits its high dignity; for a head grown hoary in follies is a woeful object of just derision.

OUR passions in Youth are very powerful seducers; they hurry us into hasty enjoyments which have often their ending in very long and fruitless repentance. Against these imminent evils, which have their foundations in early life, we have no kind of defence, but in the experience of later days, which those are the most happy who soonest acquire and regard.

THUS must the Youth, to be happy, acquire some of the qualities of Age; and Age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of Youth. The strong passions and affections of both æras are alike deceitful; as in one stage we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgement, and in the other we have past it, and got into the date of second dotage, without the benefits of restraints that were

our

our securities in our first childhood; and we are apt to continue full in the pride of experience, when the powers of reason are all decaying, or become lost.

OLD Age pictured in the mind, is decrepiditude in winter retiring in the evening, to the comfortable shelter of a fire-side; where, secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can please itself with prattling of evils it has overcome, and pleasures it has parted with the enjoyment of, without regret; seeking nothing but to wear down the last stage of life with ease, composure, and serenity.

THE greatest wisdom that can ornament hoary heads is, to quit the croud with a good grace, and voluntarily to leave giddy society, before they become forcibly excluded from it. Infirmity must take shelter in the kindness of true friendship, and that is not to be expected from the many, but the few.

TALKATIVENESS is the foible and gratification of old age. A chearfulness retained from Youth gives a gracefulness to this humour, and recommends even its imperfections, if not to common approbation, at least to particular good-will.

If Youth has its advantage of high spirits and fond pursuits, Old Age can boast of its comforts of composure and resignation. One stage of life is to be represented by the pleasurable appetite with which we sit down to a meal: the other, by the satisfied indifference with which we are sure to rise from it, and the willing disposition we discover after it for rest.

It is folly in Youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in Age to be over solicitous about it*. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter, the desire is attended by anxiety, because the chances of probability are entirely against it.

All that we are sure of in this life is, that we must ere-long quit it, we know not when: and that which most behoves us to do is, to prepare for that solemn and important event. It little matters how long we live in this world; but it greatly does, in what *manner* we live in it. We have a full right, while we are here, to all rational enjoyments; and it is our own fault, if we suffer other pursuits to become our deluders into disquietude. We should in all things be the seekers of our own peace and welfare,

* The young *may* die, the old *must*.

fare, and the promoters of those of others. While we make such the rules of our conduct, we ſhall certainly be happy; equally ready to continue in life, and to reſign it.

YOUTH has no more bliss than ſober Reaſon can inſure to it; nor has Age more unhappiness than Indiſcretion brings upon it. All depends on our acting right parts in those different ſtages of our being; our credit and felicity being ſuch as we ourſelves make them: ſo that it is not Providence, but our own Perverſeness, that makes us otherwiſe than happy in the preſent ſtate.

THE CAUSES OF HUMAN INFELICITY.

How many in the World, are their own Enemies?

AS happiness is the purſuit of every one, it is not a little ſurprizing that ſo few of us arrive at this univerſal goal of human deſire; and ſtill more ſurprizing, that, when we ſee the various quickſands, upon which the expectations of others have been ſhipwreckt, in ſteering to this favourite point, we are not a little more cautious in the direction of our own courſe, eſpecially as ſomething more than a *temporary* felicity reſts upon our attention,

tention, and the transports of a future life greatly depend upon the rectitude of our conduct in this.

THE principal reason why the generality of the world are disappointed in their search after happiness, seems to be that strange infatuation, of placing our highest felicity in objects which are either weak or vicious in themselves, and which consequently our reason upon a sober consideration must either despise or detest—A man whose wishes are centered in the luxuries of a fashionable table, must be miserable the moment he is incapable of emptying another plate: he who has no other comfort in life than his bottle, must be robbed of his *summum bonum* the instant he is stretched upon the floor; and he whose desires are absorbed in still greater sensualities must be equally unfortunate, the moment those desires are indulged*: in fact, every pursuit of this nature is rendered lifeless and insipid by its very gratification, till continual repetitions so deaden the appetite, that experience makes us exclaim,

"All is vanity under the Sun."

WERE we however to make reason the guide of our actions, instead of being directed by inclination, our enjoyments would always be certain; and

* The severe reflections which often succeed intemperance and sensuality, confirm the proverb *he that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow.*

and recollection would afford us the most perfect satisfaction, instead of filling us incessantly with mortification and disgust; for in reality, if we think but ever so hastily on the affair, we shall find that no object can promise us the smallest glimmer of real felicity which is repugnant to the sentiments of virtue; it is then from the rectitude of our conduct only, that we are to look for any happiness at all; and surely when we give an unbounded loose to every depravity of inclination, it is a degree of absolute madness, to expect the self-approving testimony of our own conscience, to the very actions which that conscience cannot but highly discountenance and condemn.

THE glittering noise and pompous bustle of the world may for a time, perhaps, lull the sentiments of reason, or cry "Hush" to the pleadings of conscience, but can never entirely subdue either: in the moments of retirement the most hardened of us all are dragged up in turn, before the bar of our own minds, and the Deity which presides there pronounces a just tho' a severe sentence on every breach of morality and virtue.—Callous as we endeavour to make ourselves, that sentence screws itself in the memory; clouds the eye amidst all the splendour of the drawing-room; and harrows up the very soul in the warmest sunshine of a court.

WHERE is the man who can say he has never acknowledged the omnipotence of conscience? Where is he who can affirm he has not, in the strictest sense of the expression, been condemned by the Deity of his own bosom, and doomed to a temporary perdition in his mind? Stand out, ye fashionable deniers of another existence; come forth, ye daring blasphemers of your God,——from the irresistable something, which acquits and condemns during this life in your breasts, learn to believe that there is a Sovereign Disposer of all things in the next, who will decide with an equal severity and justice: and that the power of the Divinity which you experience so frequently below, is nothing but a faint resemblance of that authority, which at the dreadful day of account you must meet with above.

I AM very frequently amazed, abstracted from every consideration of future happiness, that the mere dictates of self-concern for the felicity of the present, do not generally induce us to follow such pursuits, as are certain to give us real satisfaction while they engage us; and sure in their consequences of establishing not only an increase of honest reputation, but a source of inconceiveable content. —Was the libertine, instead of squandering thousands to destroy some unsuspecting innocent, to employ the *fiftieth* part of the sum in her protection—what

what a foundation would he lay for arriving at that goal, which his very greediness after happiness destroys on the contrary course!—Was the miser, instead of hoarding up useless millions, to expend a little of his wealth in wiping away the sorrows from affliction and distress; the action would be its own reward, and he would acknowledge that if h ewent to the proper market, happiness was to be purchased at a very reasonable price.

In short, if mankind properly considered that virtue and vice create their own heaven and hell, even on *this* side the grave, the principal part of them would endeavour to act in such a manner, as might enable them to look with confidence beyond it, and experience in *this* world, some tolerable idea of that felicity which is prepared for, and and awaits the righteous in the *next*.

ON THE VALUE OF TIME.

Redeem we Time? its loss we dearly buy;
Part with it as with Money, sparingly;
Buy no Moment but in purchase of its Worth,
And what its Worth, ask Death-Beds they can Tell.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

TIME like an ever flowing stream, is daily hastening to the ocean of eternity, and will soon be for ever lost and swallowed up therein.

THERE

THERE is a limit appointed by Providence, to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of men, with all the glories and excellencies of this lower world. Let us not doat then upon any thing here below, for Heaven hath inscribed vanity upon all. The moment is near at hand when the decree of Omnipotence shall be uttered, and pronounced upon every glory of the earth, "It shall be no longer."

WHAT is that stately building, that princely palace, which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns, and wide spreading arches, that gay edifice which enriches our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of costly and glittering furniture? Time and its circling hours with a swift wing are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly; and a few years hence it shall lie in mouldering ruin and desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better inheritance!

WHAT are those fine and elegant gardens, those delightful walks, those gentle ascents, and soft declining slopes, which raise and sink the eye by turns to a thousand vegetable pleasures? How lovely are those sweet borders, and those growing varieties of bloom and fruit which recall lost Paradise to mind!

mind! those living parterres which regale the sense with vital fragrancy, and make glad the light by their refreshing verdure, and intermingled flowery beauties! The scythe of time is passing over them all: they wither, they die away, they drop and vanish into dust; their duration is short; a few months deface all their yearly glories, and within a few years, perhaps, all these rising terrace-walks, these gentle verging declivities, shall lose all order and elegance, and become a rugged heap of ruins; those well-distinguished borders and parterres shall be levelled in confusion, and thrown into common earth again, for the ox and the ass to graze upon. Unhappy man! who possesses this agreeable spot of ground, if he has no other Paradise in view, more durable than this, beyond the dreary mansions of the grave.

WONDER not that these labours of the hands of men should perish, when even the works of God are perishable also.

WHAT are these visible Heavens, these lower skies, and this globe of earth? They are indeed the workmanship of the Almighty; but they are waxing old, and waiting their period too, when the angel shall proclaim aloud, that "time shall be no "more." The Heavens shall be folded up as a "vesture,

" vesture, the elements shall melt with fervent " heat, and the earth and all the works that are " thereof, shall be burnt up." Oh, may a bright and better world be my unfading portion, and the Heaven of Heavens my inheritance, which is built for an eternal mansion for the sons of God; these glorious buildings shall outlive the ravages of time, and exist through endless ages of felicity and bliss.

ON LIFE AND REPUTATION.

Non est vivere sed valere vita. MART.

LIFE may not unaptly be compared to fire:—it glimmers, it blazes, and again it glimmers. Childhood springs forward to maturity; maturity declines into age, To enjoy life, one would naturally suppose to be the general study; but what shall we think of the students, when so few of them attain their aim? That they are either wilfully blind or pitiably ignorant.'—The man whose life is one continued round of dissipation, can never be said to enjoy it. He, as well as every other man, will have his moments of reflection, and all his misnamed pleasures will not compensate for the pangs of these.

THE

THE repiner has no enjoyment. He is ever dissatisfied with himself as well as with all mankind. Possessed of an ample fortune, he enjoys it not; for his neighbour, it may be, is more opulent than himself. Of this character, though the instances are numerous, none are entitled to pity? for where-"fore should a living man complain?" Seated in the midst of these blessings, which the all-bounteous Creator has scattered with no sparing hand, to murmur were to blaspheme.

FOR the complete fruition of life there may be many requisites; but reputation, like another Aaron's rod, seems to comprise them all. Without reputation life would become burthensome indeed! With what stigma then shall I brand those who take a diabolical pleasure in destroying it? Shall I term them the pests of society, or own myself at a loss for a name expressive of their crime?

THAT there are persons who can take delight in impairing a spotless character, by a hint of disbelief, or a shrug of suspicion, must surely be a painful reflection to an ingenuous mind. The man who listens with a greedy ear to aught that savours of scandal, and is studious to disperse the malevolent tales that envy propagates, has surely something diabolical in his composition; and I would as soon

be

be connected with the Devil as with his emissary. Yet I fear there are too many of that stamp; too many who place their prime felicity (Lucifer-like) in reducing others to a level with themselves, and need no other hell than they bear in their own bosoms. These are harpies realized. Defilement is in their touch. With what a ravenous appetite do they fasten upon innocence! The pollution of purity is to them a feast; the publishing of calumny, their highest joy.

To enjoy life, I repeat it, we must enjoy a good name. Justly has the wise man said, "*Its price is "above rubies.*"

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
"But he who filches from me my good name,
"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
"And makes me poor *indeed.*"

Nothing ever struck me more forcibly in that shhool of morality, the plays of Shakespeare, than this sentence. I have repeated it ere now till I have even fancied myself fired with the honest indignation of the poet, and exclaiming,

With loss of reputation, life should close:
Close then, O life! ere reputation flee.

To maintain his character and reputation inviolate should certainly be the study of every man, till death truly gives him to live indeed.

ON PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

Be content with such Things as ye have.

OF all the blessings which Providence has bestowed on the human race, none, perhaps, is of so great consequence to society in general, as well as to the happiness and welfare of each individual, as *Contentment*.—Though the means of acquiring this blessing is very often in our own power, yet how seldom do we find it existing in its true state; how few, *very* few, obtain this extraordinary felicity!—An innate moroseness of temper, or the same acquired by a bad education, teaching an haughty and supercilious behaviour, must totally exclude the possessor, from the enjoyment of the least grain of real Content.

As Avarice, Envy, and Ambition, are its implacable foes; so, on the contrary, Humility, Affability, and a chearful acquiescence with the dispensations of Providence, are the most likely means of producing it.

JOB, the greatest example on record of calm and perfect resignation to the will of Omnipotence,

could not be said to have enjoyed the least particle of real Content under his great afflictions;—he was indeed supported by an extraordinary degree of *patience*, by the help of which, instead of murmuring at his abject condition, he was led to draw some comfort to himself; and notwithstanding his severe trials, was still grateful to his Creator, for having once placed him in the midst of earthly blessings—and from the conviction that this sudden change from the highest pitch of prosperity to the lowest state of adversity, must have been brought about by reason of some unworthiness of his own, he very patiently and gratefully exclaimed, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, "blessed be the name of the Lord*."

HERE, indeed, it may appear that he enjoyed a small ray of Content or satisfaction; yet when we consider that at that very time he was encompassed with the greatest evils of mind and body, we cannot suppose it to be any more than the effects of the most exalted patience, a virtue given him to such a degree, as might in some measure lessen his extreme afflictions, which were sufficient to produce despair in a mind less resigned.

As

* This truth must be by all confest,
What Heav'n appoints is *right* and *best*.

As this most necessary virtue is given us for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings incident to human life, so *Content* will shew us how to value and enjoy the blessings of it; this most valuable acquisition, is not the attendant on titles, pomp, or splendor; the anxieties and troubles, inseperable from wealth and grandeur, exclude it from the breasts of the great of both sexes; vanity in dress, and precedency with the women, ambition and ruling power with the men, annihilate every spark of real Content.

MEDIOCRITY is that happy state in which Content most frequently resides; but what is a state of mediocrity!—it is that enviable condition which neither borders on the greatest affluence, or its opposite, extreme poverty; an easy comfortable situation, such as will afford the conveniencies of life, but not the luxuries of it; the mind of the possessor is calm and unruffled, not violently agitated by unexpected success, or much depressed by common occurrences, which may happen contrary to his expectations—gratitude, compassion, and the whole train of virtues reside in the contented man: his actions are such as give him pleasure on reflection, with the common allowance for the frailties of human nature—a stranger to ambition, avarice, or envy, instead of repining at the extraordinary af-

fluence of others, he will draw a comparison, between his own happy lot and that of many wretched objects around him, in the most abject state of penury and want.

GRATEFUL that Providence has placed him independent, he will compassionate and relieve the distressed with inward pleasure*; yet, though Content is seated in a composed mind, indifferent to common occurrences, which by many are deemed afflictions, it doth not nevertheless lead us to a state of inactivity; on the contrary, it animates us to use every laudable endeavour to impart the blessing to others, by rendering their situations more easy and comfortable—thus we shall be qualified to enjoy the pleasures of social compact, and the exalted tie of sacred friendship.

SHOULD we look back on some of those persons mentioned in Holy Writ, we shall have but little reason to think that content was possessed in a greater degree in those times, than in our own degenerate days —Solomon, who was justly esteemed a man of wisdom, was in continual search after this happiness;

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* Thus shew your gratitude for mercies giv'n,
By charity to men and thanks to Heav'n.
RURAL CHRISTIAN.

happiness; yet, it is plain that he never met with it, by his own conclusion that all was vanity and vexation of spirit—David, called the man after God's own heart, could never have enjoyed any part of it from the time he began to reign; as from that period the greatest part of his life was a series of the most complicated crimes, which could not allow of reflection without horror—therefore he employed his latter days in prayer and sincere contrition, from which undoubtedly he might deduce comfort, though not Content.—Amongst the Romans, Cæsar's ambition prevented him from possessing this virtue; and, in all probability, from his towering insatiate disposition, he would not have been a whit the nearer to its enjoyment, had he obtained the imperial diadem.

Of all the persons who ever enjoyed sovereign power, Cincinnatus seems to have the greatest claim to Content; and without doubt he did really enjoy it, unless affectation only produced that seeming composure of mind, which to common observers, was the same while dictator, as when tilling his little field.—Though Content is seldom to be found in elevated stations, yet it is impossible to set bounds to its existence, or say, that it never happens in a state of affluence, or in a state of apparent misery and want; for it is more than pro-

bable, that the peasant or daily labourer, who can just provide the scanty pittance necessary for the bare maintenance of his family, may partake of Content in the highest degree—as he can have but a vague idea of affluence, not having felt its power, he will not be envious of his neighbour's riches, but remain truly happy in being able to procure his daily sustenance; and as his wishes are bounded in these narrow limits, he will bear about with him that equal, chearful state of mind, necessary for the reception of this blessing, and grateful for his daily comforts, though attired in a homely garb.

THE study of philosophy, we are taught to believe, will produce Content; but not that kind of philosophy which has for its basis extraordinary singularity or affectation of cynical doctrines, which are only the offspring of pride, envy, or hypocrisy.—Who can suppose that Diogenes enjoyed Content in his tub? when he was continually snarling at his visitors, who went to him for the purpose of receiving admonition—his treatment of Alexander was no more than an affected disgust for royalty.

How much unlike this, was the behaviour of Seneca or Socrates, amongst many others of the heathen philosophers—their conduct through life was

was humble, yet full of magnanimity; perfectly resigned to a superior power, though not aided by the light of the glorious gospel—their contempt of riches, and indeed every thing which might lead them from the enjoyment of *real* Content, proving the solidity of the bliss which they certainly enjoyed.

ON THE PLEASURES OF AGE.

"*The properest protection to old age is the cultivation and practice of virtue.*"

THE most superficial inspector into human affairs cannot but observe how unhappy, how miserable, the greater part of mankind are, when old age comes upon them. Immoralities of every kind are become more frequent, more numerous in the present, than in any former age. No wonder then, our youths are corrupted: no wonder they are carried unawares down the rapid torrent of destructive pleasures; and consume their days in riot, lewdness, and debauchery. If such their life (and, such is the life of too many), what must become of them, when sickness, disease, and old age, finally put an end to all their pleasures? How bitter the reflections on their past lives! What peace, what consolation can they find?

THE

THE relish for sensual enjoyments is now totally extinct; business they are now no longer able to pursue; in books, (for surely they, whose conduct has been such, could never have attended to these, at least to those that tend to purify the morals and instruct the mind) they find no relief; they abhor them; for rules are therein prescribed; advice is therein given, which they have never followed; so that these only serve to augment their misery. Where, then, shall they seek amusement? How shall they accelerate the tardy motion of the tedious hours? Are they rich? Can riches make them insensible to all the bitter pangs of sad reflection? No. They will never make the vicious man happy in his old age. In his youth they were the instruments of his momentary joys, to which he must now bid an eternal farewell. To nothing on earth can he fly for comfort—on *heaven* his thoughts he seldom turns—so that every moment brings grief, despair, and torment with it. Such is the old age of those who have given in their youth a loose to their lawless passions; who have deviated from the paths of virtue, and gone on in the ways of sensual pleasure.

VIEW in his old age, the virtuous man whose youth has been well spent. How mild, how serene, how happy he appears! In every place, amongst

amongst every rank of people, he meets with reverence and respect. No sorrowful reflections, no fears of death disturb his mind. Though no longer able to participate in the pleasures of youth—though incapacitated for many offices in life—he is not at a loss how to employ his time. He is still alive to pleasures suitable to his age—he reads—he meditates—and employs his thoughts on proper subjects. These are pleasures worthy reasonable beings, and yet how few enjoy them! How few call off their thoughts from sublunary affairs, to taste the heart-felt gladness that results from private communion with the great Parent of the universe!

In order, then, to be happy, not only in old age, but even in *every* age, we must arm ourselves with *temperance*, *virtue*, and *religion*; carefully keep clear of the rocks of forbidden pleasures; and associate only with wise, sober, and pious men.

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH.

He fears Death least who thinks upon it most.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE fear of Death will have more or less power over us, as we accustom ourselves to have the insidious encroacher constantly in our thoughts.

To

To daily think on Death, indeed, *with terror*, would be to make each day as wretched as the last hour, and not assist at all to abate our agony at the final moment.—The wise man, on the other hand, whether rich or poor, who thinks on Death with a noble intent to curb some passion, check some ruling appetite, and who considers his friendly dart only as an instrument intended to cure him of the maladies incumbent on his nature, and which impedes his passage to an everlasting home, meets him without terror, he welcomes his approach with composure and resignation.

DEATH shall at one time be swallowed up in the universal wreck of Nature, *and cease to be*; whilst the immortal SOUL, exults in existence through a never-ending Eternity.

WELL might a late eminent writer say,

"Who cheapens Life abates the Fear of Death."

Dr. YOUNG.

THOSE who gradually and early let go their hold on the fascinating pleasures of time and sense, will soon have a more stable and secure footing, and regard with ease and tranquility the awful moment, when Death shall launch them into the endless regions of a blest Eternity

IF

If Youth in the wild career of giddy joys may be induced to forget these grave admonitions; surely Age, at whose elbow Death hourly knocks, should, without remorse, quit his brutish pursuit of earthly pleasures, and prepare to meet him disarmed of his sting; the *fear* of Death kills us often, when Death itself can do it but once. Fear Death, but be not afraid of Death; to fear it is the way to live long; to be afraid of it, is the way to be long a dying, If thou expectest Death, as a friend, prepare to entertain it; if as an enemy prepare to overcome it. Though I cannot entertain Death with joy, as being in the flesh, yet I will, without sorrow, as having an immortal soul. He that dies daily, seldom dies dejectedly.

The death of a good man, is like the putting out of a perfumed wax candle; he recompenseth the loss of light, with the sweet odour which he leaves behind him. Cicero called Death the younger of sleep, which being a thing that cannot be avoided, ought therefore the less to be feared.

Why dost thou mourn, O mortal! why dost thou fear and tremble? since all men are tied to that strict necessity, *as it is appointed unto all men, once to die.* To this law thou art born, the same thing happened to thy father, thy mother, and all thy predecessors; to all before, and shall also to all that succeed thee. No

No man dieth more willingly, than he that hath lived most religiously. If we must die, it is but a moment of adversity, to enter into perpetual repose! evil taketh up all the parts of our life, but Death hath only one instant of time. It is so solacing to many parts of the world, oppressed with afflictions, "that," as Zalecus the law-maker said, "an edict should have been made to die, if God "had not imposed a necessity on it."

WHEN Death comes to look on the nice ones of this world, if he would please them, he must have a gilded mask on, and be cloathed with a garment of white sattin, embroidered with pearls, and a little scythe of crystal put into his hands, or a silver dart; for they extremely fear his stroke. To smell to a turf of earth, is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality a cordial for the soul.

TRUE HAPPINESS, WHERE TO BE FOUND.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DRYDEN.

MANY have been the arguments among philosophers, at what period of a man's life we may venture to call him the most happy: one places it

it in *childhood*, a second in the bloom of *youth*, and a third in *old age*, when the leaf is fallen from the tree. Let us examine these three different periods of life, and see what they will produce.

In childhood we know not the cares and anxieties of a parent, no losses in trade perplex us, no anxious fears annoy us, and the mind is principally employed in the pursuit and enjoyment of those innocent pleasures which are peculiar to that age. We are not, however, even then without our wishes; for the mind no sooner begins to open and expand, than it thirsts after knowledge, and we very early begin to enquire into the commerce of the world. We wish to be from under the rod of the pedagogue, and we sigh to become men. Happiness seems to quit us as we advance in life; for, says Solomon, as a man encreases in wisdom, so he encreases in sorrow.

When we have passed the age of childhood, and begin to bask in the sunshine of youth and maturity, the mind then expands with meridian glory, and the eye dwells with rapture on the opening prospect. Health, liberty, and pleasure, are the blessings of this age; but folly, intemperance, and dissipation, too often follow in their train. Love and

ambition are two formidable enemies at this period, either of which carried to excess, will embitter every enjoyment, and render life miserable and wretched.

In old age, we are generally strangers to those turbulent passions, which hurried us down the torrent of custom and prejudice, while youthful blood circulated in our veins, and permitted us but little time for reflection. The soul, now perfectly calm and composed, surveys the different concerns of life with an eye of philosophy, and, by comparing the numerous incidents that have passed, with those that still daily occur, draws from thence the most wise and solid conclusions.

This surely would be the age of happiness, had not nature entailed on it innumerable disorders. The limbs no longer move with their former agility, the eye fails, and all the human faculties gradually decay; pains and diseases multiply apace, and we again become helpless children. In this universal decay of nature, we sometimes wish for death to put a final period to our mortal career.

Certain it is, that happiness is confined to no age or station in life, it takes up its abode only in the habitations of *virtue* and *religion*, to which both sexes and all ages must agree.

Complete

Complete happiness is not a flower which grows in nature's garden, nor is it the produce of a terrestrial soil. Whilst we are encompassed with the walls of flesh and human frailty, the avenues through which happiness visits the soul, will not, admit such a degree of it, as will satisfy and fill up our intellectual capacities: but still such a portion of it is within our reach, as will render this state of existence easy, tranquil, and serene. The sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained amidst the highest gratifications of time and sense, that some alloy should be experienced. By these means we are led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect state, which, in the wise determination of his counsel, we were formed to inherit, when time, and all its delusive scenes, shall terminate for ever.

THE conditions on which this *complete happiness* is declared by sacred wisdom to be attainable, are such, as, if complied with, will also tend to the increase of our *present* felicity: "*Godliness is profitable to all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come**." The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial

* 1 Timothy, 4, 8.

objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our sense of *present* pleasures: they will not be pursued to satiety; but only lead the mind to the contemplation of those enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys, which the visible creation affords, will not then be esteemed as a substantial lasting good, but will rather be considered as the lower steps of that ladder, by which we may ascend to the superior joys of a glorious immortality. By good "things that are seen," and thankfuly enjoyed here below, we shall be excited to seek after "those which are invisible," in that better state, where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting bosom of desire will repose in complete fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wisdom in us to seek that happiness, which is attainable in *this* life, agreeably to the dictates of reason and prudence. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratifications; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced; but we know, that, if they were indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is, therefore, the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the rovings of the will, and point out the boundaries which it ought never to pass.

WHENEVER we thus restrain our appetites and wishes, the effects amply recompence our labour; the commotions in our breasts subside, and a calm overspreads the mind: our desires are circumscribed; and, instead of murmuring at our present lot, we shall be convinced the blessings we receive are infinitely beyond our deserts. This sense produces gratitude and humility in our minds; and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We shall be satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being showers down upon us, and most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty *. In this situation of mind the purest happiness is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that superior felicity, which awaits the wise and virtuous, in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

* The language of a grateful heart will ever be that of Mr. Addison's.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My grateful soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

ON THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, ACQUAINTANCE, AND COMPANIONS, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

A Man is known by the Company he keeps.

YOUNG men without experience, are apt to place too much confidence in professions, compliments, and flattery; their vanity generally gets the better of their judgment, and they ascribe to themselves all the merit, abilities, and great qualities, which sycophants and parasites indiscriminately bestow upon them. Hence they are hurried into absurd pursuits, and attempt exploits to which they are in no wise competent; and probably are induced to adopt romantic projects, that may eventually prove their ruin.

ANOTHER error they are very liable to run into is, being dazzled with the glare of parade, and captivated with a title or an equipage. If a nobleman invites them to dinner, they think their fortune is made; though, unless it is in their power to return the compliment, they are considered in no other light than toad-eaters, and hangers on, who must submit to all the caprices, and, perhaps, impertinences of their host, and, probably, the insults of his servants. If, on the other hand, ambition fires their breasts

breasts and they are emulous of returning these compliments, unless their fortunes are very considerable, they must, in a short time, expect to be immured in a prison, and gratify their foolish pride at the price of their liberty.

WITH regard to true friendship, it is a very scarce commodity; and though the strongest professions of it are every hour made, most frequently when they are put to the test, they prove sounds without a meaning. Indeed, he who thinks that friends spring up like mushrooms, and are the growth of a day, will find himself most egregiously deceived. It is, on the contrary, a plant that requires much care and attention to cultivate, and which the smallest blight of ingratitude is sure to blast for ever. Beside, all friendship must be in some degree mutual: it is the traffick of noble generous minds; but this mental commerce, like that of the world, must, in some degree, be settled on each side, before a just balance can be made. When a mere coffee-house acquaintance tells me he should be happy in my friendship, and flatters himself he shall be fortunate in convincing me of it, I construe this to be in plain English, that he either takes me for a fool, and laughs at me if he thinks I believe him; or that he has some sinister design, which he wants to execute under the cloak of specious friendship.

BUT when once you have met with a *real* friend, and from his good offices he has approved himself such, you cannot too much cherish and esteem him, or exert your endeavours, to cultivate so inestimable an alliance *.

A MAN of the world, must necessarily have a number of acquaintance, with whom a reciprocality of good manners is expected; but with them let not politeness be taken for sincerity, or promises, though ever so fervently made, surprise your credulity into too hasty a belief of a real intention to perform them. Extraordinary declarations of this kind, from a mere acquaintance, should alarm a man, and put him upon his guard; lest the professor should want to creep into his confidence, worm out his secrets, and turn them to his own advantage, and the other's prejudice. In the choice of acquaintance, much attention should be paid to their *private*, as well as public character; and though another man's morals may seem to be quite foreign to yourself, as we are too apt to imbibe the faults of those we frequently converse with; a young man, of a natural good disposition, may, by associating with persons of a different turn, find himself imperceptibly drawn into situations, for which it may be, he would, a short time before, have blushed, and almost despised

* The world in purchase of a friend is gain. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

despised himself. But if even this should not be the case, being frequently in company with persons of a dissolute turn, the world will judge from your apparent approbation of their conduct, that your sentiments are congenial, and thus will you slattern away a good character through indiscretion *.

WHEN I see a man associate with a gambler or a swindler, however elegant his appearance, I am apt to conclude he is either a dupe or a knave, and in either case his reputation is hurt, as it is a just observation, that men begin by being dupes, and end by being knaves. Moreover, people of such a description are ever upon the watch to prey upon the credulous and unguarded, whom they pursue with indefatigable assiduity, till they find an opportunity of carrying their views into execution; and a young man cannot be too much upon his guard against these harpies, who live by fraud and rapine within the limits of the law, and are more to be dreaded than a professed highwayman, who at least risques his life more ways than one for his casual and perilous gains.

YOUNG men are very apt to be fond of company, and that of the *chearful* kind, which certainly is the most eligible, as no rational being would chuse

* Tell me a Man's company and I'll tell you the man.

chuse to pass his time in a melancholy set, who are ever either upbraiding Providence, sighing, and lamenting the turpitude of the rising generation, or giving an historical detail of their own crosses or misfortunes, or reciting the miseries of their families, the infidelity of their wives, or the undutifulness of their children. Such beings are doubtless to be shunned, as they can afford neither instruction or entertainment.

THERE is another kind of companions, who though they wear a very different aspect, and have all the allurement of the Syren's tongue, are nevertheless dangerous associates. These are your d—n'd jolly fellows, who roar, sing, and drink their lives away—a short life and a merry one is their motto. They are your *six* bottle and *five* o'clock men. Though the hours may glide very chearfully away in such company, let it be remembered there is a to-morrow; and will any rational being think, that the enjoyment of the most jolly party in the world is adequate to a head-ach next day, attended with the loss of appetite, and a dejection of spirits?

BUT were these consequences not quite so immediate, common sense must point out, that eventually such Bachanalian feats, and late vigils

must terminate in disorders of the most dangerous kind, which will baffle all the skill of medicine; and when you are departed this life, probably your boon companions may vouchsafe to say, you were a d—n'd hearty fellow; great consolation indeed!

It may now probably be asked, what kind of companions are to be chosen as most eligible? This question may be answered in a very few words.—The *rational*, the *virtuous*, the *entertaining*, and *instructive*—those who blend prudence with mirth, and good sense with jocularity—with whom hilarity and moderation reign—where wit, humour, and sobriety go hand-in-hand—with whom the chearful glass exhilarates the spirits, without intoxicating the brain. In a word, such companions as are chearful and good-tempered, and, at the same time, fix a proper value upon their health and future felicity.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF READING WITHOUT DIGESTING.

Reading and Reflection are the Basis of true Wisdom.

An analogy between the powers of the body and faculties of the mind is obvious in many instances. The eye cannot survey a great space with

with the same accuracy with which it views a single object at a nearer distance. It takes in the coarser parts indeed, but comprehends not the more minute, though not less beautiful appearances? Thus too, the mind, when attentive to every part of knowledge, seldom attains to perfection in any single science: and daily experience evinces, the great reader or devourer of books, who is more studious of quantity than quality, and is led on by the love of novelty rather than of excellence, is rarely learned in an eminent degree in any thing *.

Adages are commonly true, because founded on experience; '*The rolling stone gathers no moss*,' says the English proverb. To carry on the allusion, we may add, while the rolling stone is traversing the whole garden, the spade, in the space of a few yards, may gather the valuable produce of a year.

PLINY, the younger, who is as remarkable for the justness of his sentiments, as for his elegant manner of expressing them, has given a hint on this subject, which, though comprised in a few words, may be more instructive than volumes of advice,

* Reading without reflection, is like eating without digesting; the one is as detrimental to the body, as the other is to the mind.

advice. After some remarks on cursory and superficial reading, he says, we should be content with few books, and study them perfectly. We should read, says he, " non multa sed multum." The epigrammatic turn of the words fixes the precept stronger on the mind, and renders it more easy to be retained in the memory.

To gain a complete knowledge of a subject in all its parts, it must be frequently reviewed, and examined in every light—a process requires time, labour, and attention; none of which will be in *his* power, who hastily passes from science to science, with too much volatility to admit recollection.

It frequently happens, that men of natural parts are excelled by others, whose talents are originally inferior. Nor is this to be attributed to any other cause, but to that patience of labour, which is frequently the concomitant of dulness, and which proves an ample compensation for the want of vivacity. A man of slow understanding can stop to investigate obscurity step by step, till he brings light from darkness; can combat difficulties seemingly unsurmountable, can repeat the same labour without fatigue, and review the same ideas without satiety; but the volatility of genius affects to pass over every thing disgustful, and voluntarily neg-

lects those subjects which it cannot see through at a glance. Could genius check that precipitation which precludes accurate enquiry and perfect views, it might surely be capable of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and deriving to itself all the light of which the mind is susceptible; since it is a known truth, that hardly any difficulty is unsurmountable even to industrious stupidity.

PATIENS, when at school, was not remarkable for the brightness of his parts, or the sensibility of his temper. The compositions which he was obliged to bring as exercises, were not lively, elegant, or florid, but then they were seldom deficient in orthography, or grammar. He never disliked the labour of seeking the words he was unacquainted with, in his lexicon: and though he did not comprehend the full meaning and spirit of the author he read, he could tell the English of every word in his lesson, and trace it through all its grammatical variations. In short, he underwent every kind of literary labour without weariness or discontent. After all the necessary forms of education, he at length entered into the profession of the law.

VELOX, one of the contemporaries of Patiens, was fond of learning and desirous of excelling in it; but

but as he was of a quick apprehension, he was capable of construing a passage at one view which would cost Patiens an hour's application. He, therefore, never read his lesson over twice, but diverted his fancy with the perusal of light modern publications, several volumes of which he would frequently devour in a day. Great hopes were entertained of the future eminence of so lively a genius. He went to the university, flattered by his friends, and elate with confidence in his own powers: but it soon appeared, that he who submitted to so little labour, while under authority, entirely relinquished study when at his own disposal. Plato, Aristotle, and Epictetus, remained untouched upon the shelves; but the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, together with those of every modern dramatic writer, were constantly on his table.

If at any time he deigned to cast an eye over Coke upon Littleton, it was with the same levity and precipitation with which he read a monthly magazine. When at last he was called to the bar, and the time was come when he was to make his way to eminence by dint of merit, he found himself as much a stranger to the laws of England, as an inhabitant of Otaheite. Chagrined by disappointment and weary of learning which he had never rationally

pursued, he gave up all thoughts of rising in the world, and retired to a small estate in the country, where he lived and died an honest sportsman. Patiens, in the mean time, though he did not reach the top of his profession, yet, from his known integrity and abilities as a counsellor, was always supplied with a number of briefs, by which he acquired an affluent fortune, and lived universally respected as a man of untainted honour, strong sense, and profound learning.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

Time wasted is existence us'd *in life.*

Dr. YOUNG.

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the distinguished mark of reason, and evidences that most important truth, namely, the immortality of the soul, yet if misapplied or misused, will serve only to flatter the imagination, and mislead the mind into a mazy track of errors, and embitter all the few comforts that are allotted to human life.

IT is a misfortune incident to all men, but more especially to people of volatile dispositions, that they

they know not how to enjoy the *present* hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out schemes of future happiness, and contemplating distant prospects of pleasure, which he flatters himself he is one day to possess, instead of endeavouring to enjoy the present, with solid satisfaction. This unhappy disposition, this fickleness of mind, makes us live in a continual state of uneasy expectation; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wished for, and impatiently expected, we soon grow cool with possession *, and look with indifference upon that which so lately engaged our attention, and was the sole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble; no sooner have we got it, but we are tired, and long for another; more pleased with the gratification of our wayward humours, than with the possession of the thing we wanted; new objects, new pleasures then strike our imaginations; these we pursue with the same ardour; these we long for with the same impatience, and possess them with the same disappointment and dissatisfaction.

ONE would imagine that so many fruitless endeavours, so many repeated disappointments, would

 effectually

* Well does an eminent writer say,—Possession is the grave of enjoyment. BLAIR'S SERMONS.

effectually cure us of the folly of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of *future* felicity; that we should at last be prevailed upon, to sit down contented in our respective stations, to enjoy the blessings that are set before us, and to make the most of that only portion of time which we can with any certainty call our own; yet such is the imperfection of our nature, such the infatuation of our minds, that in spite of the most convincing demonstrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we see people unexpectedly sink into the grave, who were engaged in the same eager pursuit with ourselves, we still continue to persevere in the fond delusion; we still pursue a phantom that mocks us at a distance, and always eludes our grasp *.

WOULD every man, instead of indulging vain and uncertain expectations, instead of forming romantic schemes of visionary happiness, employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind, in studying how he may best improve the *present* hour, he would find solid advantages resulting from his conduct, and be enabled to cast a retrospective eye upon past life, with pleasure and satisfaction. Happiness, as much

* In pursuit after future enjoyments, we neglect to improve the present.

much as our nature will admit of, is in every man's power to obtain; it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities to render life agreeable; on the contrary, we often see great wits fall into great errors; men of more vivacity than judgment, often wander in a fruitless search after happiness, by giving way to the delusions of fancy, while a man of plain common sense jogs on contented in the plain road of life, enjoys the pleasures that fall in his way with thankfulness, without flattering his mind with the hopes of *future* enjoyments, which would very likely disappoint his expectations.

THE happiness of life does not consist in the possession of affluence or power, or the indulging in what the world calls pleasures; our time is given us for more important purposes; he alone can be said rightly to enjoy life, who knows how to make a proper use and improvement of time, that truly fears God, labours with honest industry in his calling, and does all the good in his power.

To speak in the Eastern phrase, life may be compared to a book, our days to the leaves of it; we should be careful therefore to write nothing in any page which we should be ashamed to have seen by all the world. Happy will it be for us, when we come to give up our accounts (and no man knows how soon he may be called upon) if we can produce

produce records of virtuous actions; but it will fill us with confusion to find many pages entirely blank, and others disfigured with foul and criminal blots.

EVERY portion of mispent or neglected time must be accounted for; it is well known, that the Emperor Titus, who for his many excellent qualities was stiled the delight and darling of mankind, being told one night that he had bestowed no favour that day, exclaimed with lively tokens of regret and sorrow, *My friends! I have lost a day.* This godlike man, though a Heathen, thought every day lost that was not employed in acts of goodness, whilst many modern Christians think every day thrown away, that is not spent in a successive round of fashionable amusements and idle pleasures.

ON PRIDE AND VANITY.

Pride was not made for Man.

THAT extraordinary value which men are apt to put upon themselves, on account of real or imaginary excellence of mind, body, or fortune, and the contempt with which they regard all those who on comparison seem inferior to them in those qualifications, on which they have grounded the esteem they

they have for themselves, constitute that vice which we call *Pride*.—No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than Pride and Vanity.

PRIDE, by stateliness, demands respect; Vanity, by little artifices, solicits applause; Pride, therefore must make men disagreeable, and Vanity ridiculous.—There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, which covers itself under more disguises, or which mankind in general are more subject to, than Pride, It is not easy to determine what is the greatest weakness of human nature; but certainly Pride is the most universal: it is originally founded on self-love, which is the most intimate and inseparable passion of human nature; and yet man hath nothing to be proud of; every man hath his weak side, there is no such thing as perfection in the present state.—The few advantages we possess, want only to be properly considered, to convince us how little they are to be boasted of or gloried in.

THE whole of our bodily perfections may be summed up in *two* words, *strength* and *beauty*. As for the first, that is a poor qualification to boast of, in which we are, to say the least, equalled by the plodding Ox, and stupid Ass. Besides it is but a few

few days sickness, or the loss of a little blood, and a Hercules becomes as manageable as a little child. Who then would boast of what is so very uncertain and precarious?—As to Beauty, that fatal ornament of the *fair* sex, which has exhausted the human wit in raptures to its praise, which so often proves the misfortune of its possessor, and the disquietude of him who gives himself to the admiration of it; which has ruined cities, armies, and the virtue of thousands; what is Beauty? A pleasing glare of white and red, reflected from a skin, incomparably exceeded, by the glossy hue of the humble daisy in yonder field; the mild glitter of an eye, outshone by every dew-drop on the verdant grass.

Is it inherent in the human frame? No: A sudden fright alarms her; a fit of sickness attacks her; the roses fly from her cheeks; her eyes lose their fire; she looks hagard, pale, ghastly. Even in all the blooming pride of beauty, what is the human frame? A mass of corruption, filth, and disease, covered over with a fair skin. When the animating spirit flies, and leaves the lovely tabernacle behind, how soon does horror succeed to admiration! How do we hasten to hide out of our sight the loathsome remains of beauty! Open the charnel-house in which a very little while ago, the celebrated toast

was

was laid. Who can now bear to look on that face, shrivelled, ghastly, and loathsome, so lately the delight of every youthful gazer? Who could now touch her with one finger, her, whose very steps the enamoured youth would late have kissed? Can the lover himself go near, without stopping his nose at her? who used to breathe in his esteem all the perfumes of the blooming spring.

THE accomplishments of the mind may likewise be said to be but two, Knowledge and Virtue. Is there any reason to be proud of the poor attainments we can in the present state gain in knowledge, of which the perfection is to know our own weakness; or, as Socrates said, to know that we know nothing? Is that an accomplishment to be boasted of, which a blow on the head, or a week's illness may utterly destroy? As to our attainments in virtue or religion, to be proud on these accounts, would be to be proud of what we did not possess: for pride would annihilate all our virtues, and render our religion vain. For we all know that humility is one of the first dictates of true religion,

ALL the wits of almost every age and country have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors; and have endeavoured, to shew that true

true grandeur consists not in birth or titles, but in *virtue* alone *. That man who is insolent and arrogant on account of his possessions, richly deserves that hatred and contempt he unavoidably meets. This fool knows not the proper use of what he possesses; no wonder then that he utterly mistakes its real value.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

A Drunkard is no better than a rational Beast.

WINE raises the imagination, but depresses the judgment. He that resigns his reason, is guilty of every thing he is liable to in the absence of it. A chearful glass awakens the judgment, quickens the memory, ripens the understanding, disperses melancholy, and chears the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himself and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient. It is dangerous for men to value themselves on exploits, which dishonour their natures; such as intrigues, drinking, eating, &c. for no vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

A DRUNK-

* Greatness alone in *Virtue*'s understood,
None's truly great but he who's truly good.

A DRUNKEN man is the greatest monster in human nature, and the most despicable character in human society; this vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it; as to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it, and makes every latent seed sprout out in the soul: it adds fury to the passions, and force to the objects that are apt to enflame them.

A GAY young fellow complained to an old philosopher, that his wife was not handsome; put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you will quickly make her so.

WINE heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness; it often turns the good-natured man into an ideot, and the cholerick into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Seneca says, that drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults; experience teaches us the contrary: wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her more sober moments. After the *third* bottle a man is altered and his reason totters.

BONOSUS, a Roman general, and a lover of wine being conquered, hanged himself; his soldiers cried

out there hangs a bottle. He that drinks, to drown sorrow, deceives himself; for unless he drinks to a state of utter insensibility, his wine only serves to sharpen and imbitter his misery.

ON DEFAMATION.

He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed. SHAKESPEAR.

DID we look more into and endeavour to mend our actions, for which we must one day be accountable, we should find very little leisure, as well as inclination to inspect those of other people. If our disposition leads us rather to condemn than approve, we may gratify that propensity by turning our eyes inwards, and not injure another by wounding his reputation. Our self-love will prevent our passing too severe a censure on our own faults; but those who are inclinable to censure the failings of others, will rarely err on the *favourable* side. When the censorious tell a story which hurts the character of another, they either skip over, or very lightly touch on the circumstances which might incline the hearer to judge candidly; but dwell upon, and perhaps too often exaggerate those, which shew things in

in the worst light. Slanderers may be divided into two classes: the first are those whose diabolical nature leads them to invent fictions to traduce the characters of any to whom they owe a grudge: the second are those who industriously spread the scandal which they have heard from others.

FROM the first of these calumniators what innocence can secure us? What virtue can defend us from the malice of an enemy, who is not restrained by the ties of honour, or checks of conscience? It is to be feared, such wretches are too far gone for any thing we can say to have an effect upon them: we shall only then desire those who suffer from the undeserved aspersions of the wicked, to comfort themselves with the assurance, that truth will at length triumph over falsehood *, and a constant persevering in well-doing, will be too hard even for malevolence itself.

THE second sort of slanderers which we shall mention, are they whose ears are ever open to scandal; who are greedy in hearing, and as eager in spreading reports. If the things which such a one relates are not of some consequence, there will be no pleasure in seeming to know them. This leads

* Veritas prevalebit.

him to inflame every word and circumstance; to aggravate what is blameable, to pervert what is not so, and misrepresent the most indifferent actions. There are too many commit this fault, without ever reflecting that they are sinning against their neighbour in the most essential points in which they can injure him; that they are robbing him of what is much more precious than all his other possessions. Yet this is really the case, and what makes the injury still more attrocious is, that it is generally more irreparable than any other. Let us then warn all those who are guilty of playing away the reputation of another, how they scatter firebrands and death, and say, "Am I not in sport?"

We ought to look on every one's character as too sacred to be traduced from *suspicion* only. Appearances are very fallacious, and we are sometimes deceived even by the strongest. There may be many private reasons why people are not always at liberty to discover the true motives of their actions, which, if they did, might clear them from censure. There is no harm in erring on the good-natured side; and when two constructions may be made, it is the duty of a Christian to make the most favourable. The triumph of wit, says the Spectator, is to subdue your censure, to be quick in seeing faults, and slow in exposing them. Indeed, it is impossible a noble mind

mind can descend to slander even an enemy; but it is a certain sign of a mean and abject soul, to delight in hearing and talking scandal.

To conclude. A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing, says Bishop Tillotson; how melancholy a reflection is it to think there should be in mankind such an uncharitable spirit, which finds greater pleasure in detecting faults than in commending virtues.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE THE SPRINGS OF TRUE FELICITY.

To be good is to be happy.

WE ought not to find fault with Heaven for giving us the possession of good things; but with ourselves for using them indiscreetly, and becoming slaves to them. It is not poverty that makes men wise, though it may eradicate the ability of committing certain faults.

AMBITION followed Diogenes even to his tub; and it was from that ridiculous mansion he had the boldness to command Alexander not to take that away which he could not give. Let what will happen, it will be indifferent to us, if we follow the

dictates of prudence and moderation. Moderation cannot so easily withstand the allurements of wealth as the stings of poverty; but then we should remember, that the stand is far more glorious, and that by loosing the joys which are false, we secure the possession of those that are true.

We cannot relish the felicity that costs us nothing, and for which we are beholden only to fortune. We must have the happiness which flows from *wisdom*; and pain must sometimes introduce us to pleasure *. The reputation of pilots is established only by storms and tempests; and if Penelope's chastity had never been tried, it might have been said that her virtue was preserved by want of opportunity.

This is the pleasure of the Epicureans, which they term *living according to nature*. And has this doctrine the least tendency to favour debauchery and excess? Can any thing be more sober, or more chaste? Ask Epicurus what it is to live voluptuously? He will answer you, it is "Not to have "an affection for the things of the world, but to "resist evil thoughts; make one's-self master of "fortune; to despise honours, and to enjoy a per-"fect

* Pain and pleasure are the constant attendants on mortality.

"fect peace and tranquility of mind." Such are the tendency of his precepts, such the pleasure he recommends; a pleasure too pure to depend wholly on the body. Reason is its mistress and guide, and the senses only its ministers. How deceitful therefore are the pleasures men fondly seek in gratifying the taste, sight, or any other sense, if not enjoyed with a quiet easy mind. They amuse themselves with false delights, and take the shadow instead of the substance.

HAD Epicurus seen the famous debauch of Nero, and been desired to have given his opinion of it; he would doubtless have spoke with his usual freedom before the tyrant himself, without the least apprehension of suffering death for his boldness. Perhaps he would have addressed that monster of impiety in terms like these.

"How art thou deceiv'd, Oh, Prince! in fancying that true pleasure is to be found in thy excesses! It is as distant from them as thou art from a happy life. Wheresoever thou goest, thou carriest thy unhappiness with thee; nor canst thou, by any stratagem, free thyself one moment from the stings of conscience. Cover, if thou wilt, thy table with more exquisite dainties than those thou art now eating, drink the most delicious wines of Greece

and

and Italy, wallow in all the abominable filthiness that the most depraved imagination can invent; but in all these thou wilt find nothing satisfactory, for when thou hast glutted thy body, thy *mind* will still be void of pleasure. These are not the things which render life happy; *wisdom*, *piety*, and *virtue*, are the only springs of *true* happiness and solid joy.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION IN LIFE AND DEATH.

Religion's all.

Dr. YOUNG.

MAN is conscious that his life is frail and his death certain; he sees himself beset with various dangers; and exposed to many trials and afflictions, from the evils which he may have to encounter with, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to make known to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a Heavenly *Father* and an Almighty *Friend*; is to let in a ray of the most chearing light upon the darkness of the present state. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unbosom his sorrows; and to what hand alone to look for relief.

IT

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with *religious* comfort. It is sufficient to enlighten the darkest hour, and to assuage the severest woe, by the belief of the divine favour, and the prospect of a blessed immortality. In such hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself in the thoughts of *one* friend who will never forsake it. Refined reasonings concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philosophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at ease; may perhaps contribute to soothe it, when slightly touched with sorrow. But when it is torn with any sore distress, they are cold and feeble, compared with a direct promise from the word of God. This is an anchor 'to the soul sure and stedfast.' This has given consolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the most cogent reasonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death, especially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his *future* interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality

mortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the penitent and humble: and his presense promised to be with them when they are passing through the 'valley of the shadow of death,' in order to bring them safe into blissful habitations of rest and joy.

HERE is solid ground for their leaving this world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, how shall that unhappy man support himself, who knows not the hopes and consolations of Religion? Secretly conscious to himself that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. All is obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling, reluctant soul is forced away from its anxious companion the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive, so its ends are truly bitter. His sun sets in a dark impenetrable cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery and foreboding woe.

ON THE CERTAINTY OF A FUTURE STATE.

'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.

ADDISON.

COULD I persuade myself that Death would prove an *eternal* finis to my existence, and put an everlasting end to sorrow, pain, and woe, I might encourage myself in the pursuit of forbidden pleasures, laugh at the remonstrances of a guilty conscience, and live utterly regardless of the precepts of my God; but as the lines I have chosen for a motto to these reflections intimate, 'tis nothing short of *Heaven* itself, that proves in every page of sacred record, *I'm immortal*, and confirms the solemn truth, my soul can never die. A late eminent poet justly exclaims;

Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already, nought but *brute* survives.

Dr. YOUNG.

HAD the great Creator designed the human race for no longer a duration than the brutes that perish, he would not have implanted in them a thirst for a *future* good, or countenanced a hope, full of immortality; but as another writer very pertinently observes upon the subject;

It must be so———
Or whence these pleasing hopes, these fond desires,
These longings after immortality?

ADDISON.

WERE

WERE there no future state of rewards and punishments for the righteous and ungodly, the former might justly accuse the truth and goodness of the Almighty, and the latter, without remorse, wallow in the mire of sensual gratifications *;—'tis the assurance of a world to come, and a day of final retribution drawing near, that intimidates in a greater or less degree, the most abandoned, and leads to desperation in the views of death; while the belief of an hereafter supports the real Christian under the various trials of mortality, and comforts him even on the borders of the dreary grave; his faith and hope being cast within the veil, upon Jesus, the rock of ages, who is the resurrection and the life; well persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate him from the love of his heavenly Father, or from the enjoyment of that glorious inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved for the righteous in the realms of everlasting bliss, where the wicked shall for ever cease from troubling, and the saint's felicity and happiness be eternally complete, without termination or a change.

A SPE-

* Agreeable to the language of the Epicure. Isaiah 56. 12.

A SPECIMEN OF MODERN CONVERSATION.

Religion some tell me is only a farce.

ALONZO, going one morning, a few days ago, into the city, called on his friend Syphax, whom he found reading a late publication, entitled, *Walking Amusements, or Trades spiritualized*; and on taking the book and reading a page or two himself, gave it back again to his friend, with a sneer of contempt, saying, what a stupid fellow must the Author of this book be? to advise people to moralize (as he terms it) on the shops they pass by in London streets; what the devil would he have us knocked down, or pushed under the carriages as we are walking, for the sake of reflecting on the different objects presented to our view? Fine advice this, with a witness.

SYPHAX. Hold, hold my good friend, don't run on so fast, a little less of the devil in your discourse, if you please, and I'll talk with you; you can form no true judgement of the merit of a book or the design of it, on so imperfect a glance into it, I'm certain.

ALONZO. According to the old proverb, we may tell by a little what a great deal means, I have read enough of the Moralizing Jargon to make me sick of it already; the author's design must be devilish good to be sure, to teach persons to run the risk of their lives whilst they are lost in the vile extravagant reveries of Methodistical Enthusiasm; I dare say he likes the advice he gives to others so well, that he would see all his readers in hell first, before he took it himself, with all his sanctity.

SYPHAX. I do not think so, for I really believe, he often enjoys much pleasure in his walking meditations, as they tend to lead his thoughts to the most interesting and important subjects.

ALONZO. I suppose, if the truth was known, he is one of *Whitfield*'s zealous Journeymen, who are never easy but when they are cramming religion down our throats by wholesale, and threatning damnation on us if we do not swallow it.

SYPHAX. You are much mistaken, he is neither a Methodist nor a madman, as you seem to think him, but a sensible private gentleman who writes for his own amusement.

ALONZO.

ALONZO. Well, well, it is all the same to me, who or what he is, however, this I know, I will go my *own* way to Heaven, without troubling myself about what his, or any other man's opinions are in religion, my opinion is, that there is a great deal more fuss made about religion, than there is any occasion for, and that frequently by those, who know little or nothing about the matter.

SYPHAX. I am sorry to think there is any ground for such an observation; but you say you will go your own way to Heaven; now suppose your's should not be the *right* way, what then?

ALONZO. I don't doubt in the least, but I shall find the way there, as well as others; if I don't, I am sure I'll not look for it in the writings of these pious wiseacres, who are for ever setting hell before our eyes to drive us to Heaven.

SYPHAX. I wish I could persuade you to think about *another* world as well as this, it would do you no harm, I'm certain, if it did you no good.

ALONZO. And so I suppose you would have me spend my time in reading *godly* books, till

I'm as serious as a Methodist Parson, or as melancholy as the devil; no, not I, indeed, my dear Sir; let me enjoy this world while I am in it, and respecting another, there may or may not be one, for what I know; you may believe there is if you please, and much good may it do you, when you get there; however I'll not lose the enjoyment of a certainty for an uncertainty, nor give up a bird in the hand, for two, nor *twenty* in the bush. At present I must wish you a good morning, being to meet a gentleman on Change, at *twelve*, so your servant.

THE ILL CONSEQUENCE OF SECOND MARRIAGES; OR, THE MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF A GENTLEMAN'S MARRYING A SECOND TIME, HAVING AN ONLY DAUGHTER BY HIS FIRST WIFE.

MR. M——, an eminent tradesman, in the city, a few years ago, was left a widower with an only daughter, about eighteen years of age, who, from her prudent and discreet behaviour, he made the mistress of the family, and left all concerns relating to it, entirely to her, well persuaded of her good sense and œconomy in domestic affairs.

Miss M——, in her conversation and behaviour, was affable, good tempered, and chearfully serious, though not without her foibles, as well as others, but they were few and might be easily overlooked. Her father, seemed greatly pleased with her conduct, and thought himself happy in having so amiable and affectionate a daughter. It happened Mr. M——, about half a year ago fell in love with a Mrs. L——, and took care to have it signified to his daughter, that he designed to marry again. From that time he began to alter his behaviour to Miss M——, and every now and then spoke in a harsh and unkind manner to her, which, as she was conscious she gave him no wilful occasion for, grieved her to the heart, and often made her get by herself and vent her grief in tears;—this went on till he married Mrs. L——, after which he behaved very cool, indifferent, and slighting to Miss M——.

The little civility and respect shewn her, either by him, or his new wife, (especially after the latter was brought to bed of a son) was the source of continual pain, sorrow, and distress to her;—and having no one in the house to open her mind to, or to share with her in her trouble, but her maid Betty, (a sober, honest,

and valuable servant, who had lived in the family ever since Miss M—— was an infant, and only continued there still, on her account, and for whom she had a great regard;) she would, whenever she had an opportunity, retire into her chamber with her, and after telling all her sorrows, mingle tears with her's.

THE inexpressible concern the young, agreeable, and innocent Miss M—— felt, on being treated with such coolness and indifference by one, from whom she should have least expected it, on whom she chiefly depended, and at the same time had the highest esteem for, threw her into a melancholy, which soon terminated in a deep decline;—about three weeks ago she took to her bed, and fully persuaded she should not live long, being very weak, and almost worn to a skeleton, by her disorder, she began to settle what little worldly concerns were at her disposal, and to resign her soul into the hands of her Creator.

LAST Wednesday evening her pains increasing to a violent degree, just before she died, she called her nurse to her bedside, and thanked her for the care she had taken of her, ever since she had been ill, adding, at the same time, if you look

look into my drawers, you will find a ten pound bank-note there; take it as a small token of the sense I retain of your desires to serve me; then turning to her maid, who stood by overwhelmed with tears, she said, looking at her with great earnestness and concern,—Betty, you grieve me, to see you weep, why should you be sorry at the apprehension that I am going to leave you, to dwell in a state unknown to trouble, pain, and sorrow, which I hope I am, for God knows, and he alone, the sincerity of my heart, and the desires of my soul;—you have been, indeed, very tender of me—I know it will never be in my power to make you amends for it, but I trust the Lord will, and that seven-fold;—my dear mother, whose funeral you attended some years ago, as a *real* mourner, well knew your value, and esteemed you highly, her early death, was my greatest and unspeakable misfortune;—you know I was very young then, and ignorant of the many temptations to which I was exposed, the more I am to be pitied, if at any time I have fallen a prey to them, which, perhaps, I may have done in a greater or less degree.—I acknowledge it with great contrition, I cannot do more.—It might be for want of her care, example, and instructions, that I wandered in the least from the paths of sobriety and decorum.—You will find in

my

my pocket a minature picture of the dear deceased, take it and keep it for my sake, and her's whom it once resembled.

HERE grief stopped her utterance, and her attendants thinking her near her end, went and told Mr. and Mrs. M——, upon which they went up to take, as they supposed, a last farewell of her;—on seeing her father, she cried out, raising herself up with great eagerness, what is my dear and honoured father, come to take leave of his worthless, though repentant daughter.—This is great condescension indeed, more than I could have expected, when I consider how much I have received, and how little I deserve from you.—But if I was to have no more than I deserve, I must expect to be for ever.—Here, overwhelmed with grief, she gave way to a flood of tears; after a few minutes, she went on, I hope, my dear Sir, you will forgive the excess of grief, your coming has occasioned me, I cannot help it;—you have been very good to me I must own with the greatest thankfulness and gratitude; the love, kindness, and respect you have shewn me for some years past, deserves my most thankful acknowledgements, and had I been permitted to have lived, I should have endeavoured to convince you of the obligations I think

think myself under to you, by my affectionate and dutiful behaviour—but—God's will be done —if it is agreeable to his all-wise dispensations, I sincerely wish you may have children, who may be more deserving your regard than I have been.

THERE is 30l. a year, which you know was left me by my aunt some time ago, it is my earnest request you will settle it on Betty for her care and tenderness of me, ever since she came into our family; after her father had promised it should be done, she lay composed and seemed inclinable to sleep, but her pain coming on with greater violence, she grew very restless, and after having told Mr. M——, what she had given to the nurse and the maid, she added in a low, but articulate tone of voice, your late coolness and indifference to me, dear and much beloved father, I observed with heart-felt concern, but could not bring myself to mention it to you before; I believe it has, in some degree, brought on my present disorder; you best know the reasons of it.—I may have deserved it, but I am sure, if I know any thing of my own heart, it was never *wilfully* done;—I believe I may have been guilty of some folly, weakness, and imprudencies, but I have seen my fault, and confess it with

with the deepest penitence;—forgive me, dear Sir, I intreat you with my last breath, and as a token of it, grant me one kiss, and then farewell, for ever.

If it is agreeable to you, Sir, I beg Dr. S— may speak over my grave; (as he was a favourite minister of hers) on being informed he died the Monday before, *dead*, says she, with some emotion, good man! too good to live; God has taken him to himself, I doubt not, to bless him with his beatific presence eternally; he is but gone a little while before, I shall soon *very* soon follow and meet him, I hope, in glory, where all tears shall be wiped away from my eyes, and sighing, and sorrowing shall be for ever done away.

Then fetching a deep sigh, she said,—'now, my dear, *dear* father, 'tis all over—farewell—mother farewell—Betty, farewell—nurse, farewell.—Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit;—bless with the choicest of thy blessings, my dear *father*———

Here her speech failed her, and having cast an affectionate look on all around, she breathed her last, in the 22d year of her age. Her maid immediately fainted away; her parents went into an

an adjoining room and each of them especially the *father*, gave way to the most pungent sorrow.

W.

THE CAUSES OF MATRIMONIAL UNHAPPINESS.

To Wed, or not to Wed, that is the Question.

THOUGH it is confessed on all sides, the happiness or misery of life depends on no one circumstance so much as matrimony; yet how few seem to be influenced by this universal acknowledgement, or act with caution becoming the danger. Those that are undone this way, are the young, the rash, and amorous, whose hearts are ever glowing with desire, whose eyes are ever roaming after beauty; these doat on the first amiable image that chance throws in their way, and when the flame is once kindled, would risk eternity itself to appease it; but still like their first parents, they no sooner taste the tempting fruit, but their eyes are opened: the folly of their intemperance becomes visible, shame succeeds first, and then repentance; but sorrow for themselves soon turns to anger, with the innocent cause of their unhappiness*.

Hence

* Hence learn the absolute necessity of looking, before we leap into a state that Death only can deliver us from.

Hence flow bitter reproaches and keen invectives, which end in mutual hatred and contempt. Love abhors clamour, and soon flies away; and happiness find no entrance when love is gone.

BUT hold, says the man of phlegm and œconomy, all are not of this hasty turn. I allow it—there are persons in the world who are young without passions, and in health without appetite. These hunt for a wife as a man goes to Smithfield to purchase a horse; and intermarry *fortunes* not minds. In this case the bride-groom has no joy but in taking possession of the fortune; and the bride dreams of little besides new cloaths, visits, and congratulations. Thus as their expectations of pleasure are not very great, neither is the disappointment very grievous: they just keep each other in countenance, live decently, and are exactly as fond at the *twentieth* year of matrimony as at the first.

BUT I would not advise any one to call this state of insipidity, *happiness*, because it would argue him both ignorant of its nature, and incapable of enjoying it.

MERE absence of pain will undoubtedly constitute ease; and without ease there can be no happiness.

piness. Ease, however, is but the medium through which happiness is tasted, and but passively receives what the last actually bestows. If therefore the rash who marry inconsiderately, perish in the storms raised by their own passions, these slumber away their days in a sluggish calm, and rather dream they live, than experience it by a series of actual sensible enjoyments.

As matrimonial happiness then is neither the result of insipidity, or ill-grounded passions, surely those that make their court to old age, ugliness, and all that is disagreeable in body and mind, cannot hope to find it, though qualified with all the riches that avarice covets, or Plutus could bestow. Matches of this kind, are downright prostitution, however softened by the letter of the law; and he or she who receives the golden equivalent of youth and beauty so wretchedly bestowed, can never enjoy what they so dearly purchased;—the shocking incumbrance would render the banquet tasteless, and the magnificent bed loathsome. Rest would disdain the one, appetite sicken at the other, and uneasiness wait on both.

But say, should we wonder, that those who either marry gold without love, or love without gold, should prove in the end miserable? I cannot

forbear being astonished, when such whose fortunes are affluent, whose desires are mutual, who equally languished for the happy moment before it came, andseemed for a while to be equally transported when it had taken place; even these prove as unhappy as any of the others, and yet how often is this the melancholy circumstance? as exstacy abates, coolness succeeds, which often makes way for indifference, and that for neglect.

SURE of each other by the nuptial band, they no longer take any pains to be mutually agreeable; careless if they displease, and yet angry if reproached, with so little relish for each other's company, that any other person's is more welcome and more entertaining. Their union thus broken, they pursue separate pleasures, never meet but to wrangle, or part but to find comfort in other society. After this, the descent is easy to utter aversion, which having wearied itself out with heart-burnings, clamours, and affronts, subsides into a perfect insensibility; when fresh objects of love step into their relief on either side, and mutual infidelity makes way for mutual complaisance, that each may be the better able to deceive the other.

I SHALL conclude with the sentiments of an American Indian on this subject, who being advised

vised by one of our countrymen to marry according to the ceremonies of the church of England, briskly replied, that either the Christian's God was not so good and wise as represented, or he never meddled with the marriages of his people, since not one in a hundred of them had any thing to do with happiness. Hence, continued he, as soon as you meet you wish to part; and not having such relief in your power, by way of revenge double each other's misery. Whereas in ours, which have no other ceremony than mutual affection, and last no longer than they bestow mutual pleasure, we make it our business to oblige the heart we are afraid to lose, and being at liberty to separate, seldom or never feel the inclination, but if any should be found so wretched among us, as to hate where the only commerce should be love, we instantly dissolve the band.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN; AN AFFECTING SCENE.

When such Friends part, 'tis the Survivor dies.

DR. YOUNG.

I WENT up to the room where Serena lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed

a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children, renewed the expressions of their sorrow, according to their several ages and degrees of understanding.

THE eldest daughter, a fine girl about sixteen years of age, was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed-side: And what grieved me most was, to see a little boy about four years old, who was too young to know the reason, weeping because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person.

AT my approach to the bed-side, she said to me in a low broken voice, this is kindly done—Take care of your dear friend—Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her husband and children in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a resigned composure peculiar to a woman of her christian character*. My heart was torn as it were in pieces, to see the afflicted husband on one side endeavouring to suppress the swellings

* Religion furnishes its votaries with abundant matter, for consolation, and resignation to the will of Heaven, in their greatest afflictions, as well as in the article of Death.

swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing *his* affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever.

In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bed-side. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated.

I knew consolation would now be impertinent, and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence, agreeable to the sentiments of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I 'shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, 'till he is made capable of receiving it, receiv-'ing it by those three great remedies. The ne-

'cessity of submission, length of time, and sa-
'tiety of grief.'

IN the mean time, I cannot but consider with much commisseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a beloved part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life*. His condition is like that of a man who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement.

POVERTY INDEED; A PICTURE TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Who maketh thee to differ?

ONE day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor man and woman standing near my door, in earnest discourse together. They did not observe me; and while I was scraping the dirt off my shoes, I heard the man uttering

* His sorrows may be truly entitled the grief of the heart, and his loss, not easily forgotten or repaired.

uttering these affectionate words: "Do eat it, my Dear," (she was pressing him to accept of a piece of bread that she held out to him with both her hands).—"Do eat it yourself—indeed I will not take it—it will do more good to you, for I can fast."—Here my knocking at the door disturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me.

I PUT my hand into my pocket to relieve their distress. "There, good people, said I, there is a shilling for you; you seem to be in want." They received it with blessings and thanks. When I went into the parlour, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable pair. I then beheld, (good Heaven, how my heart did bleed!) I beheld the man devouring the morsel of bread like a wolf; like a wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests, to prey on the flocks of the neighbouring plain. No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distrees of his mate; she had now got werewithal to purchase a dinner, and for his part he could make his meal on the crust of bread.

I CALLED my dear friend to the window; there Maria, said I, behold that sight. I told her the story,

story, and the tears gushed from her lovely eyes. The scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fireside.—"You see, my dear Maria, to what misery we mortals at times are reduced; you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your father's house, and seen nothing but plenty in the country around you. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the labourer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his scanty pittance of bread: but in the city you will behold *real* sorrow and distress indeed!

WERE you, like me, to walk the streets of this great metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow creatures, men, women, and children, formed by the same Almighty hand of God, destitute of every necessary of life; bereft of cloathing, wanting food: without a home, in the cold and chilling frost, they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the rich, and at the doors of their fellow citizens to pass the bleakest nights.—Who knows but such may be the lot this very night of that miserable pair? And yet, they have shewn me such greatness of mind, such nobleness of sentiment, in that short debate about their only crust of bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by Vice.

PERHAPS

PERHAPS bred up in a virtuous and affluent state, they are, for unknown purposes, by the hand of Heaven thus levelled with the poor *. But let us assist them as much as we can †.—I ran to the door to give them some relief, but they were gone. * * * * * *.

MEMOIRS OF DR. M——, OR THE PORTRAIT OF A LIVING HYPOCRITE.

Beware of Impostures.

SURELY no character on earth can be more detestable than a Hypocrite! Such is the man who has all the outward appearance of good-nature,

* He who, in the vale of obscurity can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity him, or benevolence to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.—While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities;—while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more *real* hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives, without murmuring or regret, without passionately declaiming,

nature, good breeding, morality, religion, and virtue, but instead of possessing those amiable and Christian-like qualities, is guilty of the basest villainy, and maintains principles the most profligate and abandoned. Take the words which Shakespear has put into the mouth of one of this stamp, in the third part of Henry VI.

> Why I can smile, and murder while I smile,
> And cry *Content* to that which grieves my heart,
> And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
> And frame my face to all occasions.

SUCH is real hypocrisy; and such hypocrisy is great villainy. Villainy I define to be base wickedness; and wickedness is living in an habitual opposition to the laws of God.

NOW, I apprehend, the laws of God cannot be too implicitly obeyed. And even this obedience is consistent with our own felicity ‡; for whoever regulates his conduct by those laws must be happy; whilst the wretch that transgresses and

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claiming against Providence, or calling their fellow-creatures to be gazers on their fortitude.

† He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. It is more blessed to *give* than to receive; Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

In keeping his Commands there is great reward.

and breaks through them, cannot escape both present and future misery. For, from the instant of his transgression, his conscience flies in his face, and will never let him be at rest.

> Amidst his train this unseen Judge will wait,
> Examine how he came by all his state;
> Upbraid his impious pomp, and in his ear
> Will halloo Villain.——

THESE few thoughts occurred to me after reading the above quotations; and as exposing the portraits of real characters to public view may produce a good effect, in deterring the vicious from pursuing their abandoned principles, I send you the following, as the genuine Portrait of a *real* living Hypocrite.

DOCTOR M—— is a German, and when I first knew him, figured in the humble sphere of footman to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Marybone. By dissimulation and flattery, he was advanced to be the butler, and became a great favourite; and having innitiated himself into the good graces of the housekeeper, a worthy prudent woman, he soon after married her. But as favourites seldom enjoy that distinction long, he was soon dismissed his service, together with his wife who being a woman of experience commenced midwife, and soon became much noted. Her husband,

husband, by some means, conveyed himself to the Continent, from whence he presently returned; and pretending that he had been studying physic in a foreign University; took an elegant house; set up in that profession; threw himself into every body's way; and by his fulsome dis-imulation and hypocrisy did not wait long for customers.

He now set up his chariot, and his wife being in years, and rather infirm, the base old wretch, her husband, to be upon the *ton*, furnished genteel apartments in the New Buildings, in which he placed a mistress, who continued there a long time. This intrigue coming to his wife's ears, together with a total disregard from her husband, naturally created uneasiness, which soon overcame her, and threw her into a kind of delirious state, in which she continues, to the present time, shut up in the *Attic* story *.

George

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* From such villainy and baseness, good Lord deliver us, and let all the people say, Amen.

GEORGE FLASH.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

GEORGE FLASH is one of those well-dressed impudent fellows about town, who frequent all public places, and who lives nobody knows how. He plays at the politest routs, and dances at the genteelest assemblies: but nobody knows any thing relating to him. He seems to be a man without any connections.—His figure is striking, his address easy, his carriage graceful.—He has so happy a front that he is never disconcerted, and thereby always appears to advantage. His clothes are made in the fashionable taste, and his sword-knot dangles with a peculiar air. With all these advantages George is admitted every where: and his easy assurance prevents him from losing his consequence.

IT is a certain truth, that nothing hinders a man from acquitting himself in public so much as habitual bashfulness. Whenever a man is embarrassed at seeing the eyes of the company fixed upon him, to observe his looks, and to watch his motions, he is from that moment rendered incapable of shining, and his whole behaviour is as stiff as if his body was in buckram.—George was never in this buckram state. You

may stare at him till your eyes ache before you call up a blush in his cheeks, or disturb the steady serenity of his countenance. George is one of the oddest characters that ever existed—He always keeps up the appearance of a gentleman, but the source from which his finances flow, is as secret as that of the Nile.—From no trade, no employment, no profession, does he draw his supplies, and yet he is never at a loss for current cash. You may enquire as much as you please about his affairs.—You will never satisfy your curiosity.

If there is a new fashion George is as soon in it as any one.—Of the turf he has as much knowledge as most persons.—No man bets with more boldness.—Intimately acquainted with all characters from a *lord* to a *lumper*, he has a thorough knowledge of mankind, from Westminster to Wapping, and makes a very good figure at a cricket match.—These are men who make their way in the world, of which, indeed, they are truly citizens, limited by no connections, and cramped by no attachments.—They live for *themselves* alone, and no private affection interferes with their public views*.—After this variegated

* That there are such unaccountable characters as this, in real life, is probable, and more the pity, as they are a reflection on rational beings, and deserving only ridicule and contempt.

riegated description of George's character; what can you make of him?—He is truly enigmatical, and who do you think will be able to find him out? Have a little patience, and you will certainly hear of him in an advertisement from the police in Bow-Street.

SIR CHARLES S*******, A LIVING CHARACTER.

The bane of Innocence and Virtue's Foe.

WHAT pity it is that a bold bad man may be an exquisite villain, within an inch of an halter, and yet keep his neck out of the noose! We meet with incidents every day to force this exclamation from us; mine at this time arises from reflecting on the cruelty and baseness of men of gallantry and frolic; who make it the chief business of their lives to buzz about the thoughtless girls of the age; deluding them with protestations of love, and promises of marriage; the first of which they repeat without sincerity, and the last of which they never mean to perform. What deliberate cruelty is this! And how can we help

regretting the laxity of our laws on this occasion, while, on others of far less consequence to the happiness of society, they are unnecessarily rigid. But laws must be imperfect, while the men who make them are not infallible, and from such imperfection it often happens, that crimes of the blackest dye escape punishment, while those of a less horrid complexion, are pursued with the most unrelenting severity.

SIR Charles S*****, has ruined so many women and thrown so many worthy families into the deepest distress, that even his own sex look upon him in the most infamous light. Few men are so totally abandoned as Sir Charles in their debaucheries: Few will run such lengths to be wicked, and study with such unwearied diligence the science of seduction.

GIRLS in this age, by the imprudence of their parents, their own strong passions, the temptations of the world, and indiscreet connections, are too often exposed to the artful rake, who, if he is agreeable in his person, and flattering in his address, meets generally with more encouragement than he deserves, and of which he generally makes the vilest use.

THE numberless instances of women betrayed by the profligate of our sex, would, it might be supposed

supposed, deter those uncorrupted by them, from listening to their insinuating protestations. But every day's experience unhappily proves, that reason has little or no chance to be heard when the passions are in agitation. Sir Charles is so hardened in debauchery and so deliberately vicious, that he receives little or no pleasure from any scheme, which is not finished with the ruin of a reputation*.

HILARIO; A PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE.

He may want Prudence who never wanted Wit.

INTO what a variety of extravagant situations will a man's vivacity lead him. Fond of his friends, admired by his acquaintance, he is incessantly caressed to be of every convivial party, that leads to pleasure and destruction.

* Such characters as this are a disgrace to human nature;—Heaven grant the fair sex may be more aware of their base designs, and shun them with a just disdain.

I AM forced into this reflexion from the fate of Hilario. Born to an easy fortune, he started into life with almost every advantage, an agreeable person, a lively imagination, a persuasive address, a tolerable share of classic learning; in fine, he was pronounced by all his numerous acquaintance a most agreeable fellow. What jollity could be complete without Hilario? Cards succeeded cards every morning, to invite him to dinner, to routs, to plays, to masquerades: his only excuse was *prior* engagements, and he had not resolution to withstand the temptations. More admired by the ladies than revered by his friends, he seemed born solely for love and pleasure. Having the whole race of demi-reps at his devotion, many good matches that were proposed to him he rejected, basking in the sun-shine of variegated, meretrecious beauty.

INCESSANT vigils, and repeated irregularities, anticipated those years that were still far distant. His gaiety and dissipation had long ere now mortgaged his estate, and his inattention had left the interest unpaid for several years; a fore-closure took place, and he was reduced to want and misery at a period he was least able to parry misfortunes. The worst of those matches he had formerly rejected, he would now gladly have embraced, but they were

were otherwise disposed of; his distress, added to his debaucheries, had greatly transformed his person; age was already at thirty stamped on his brow, and all his powers of pleasing were now vanished with his estate.

AFTER trying his friends, he found them gradually relax in their assiduities for him, and the usual anti-climax of fortune took place—the verge of the court, a spunging house, the King's-bench. Here, alas! we must leave Hilario, who might have been the soul of mirth and gaiety, the rapture of the fair sex, and an ornament to every department of society, had he been but *virtuous* and *prudent*.

IF the young men of the age, who come into life with *such* recommendations, and many doubtless, there are, would but sequester themselves from the gay world, and its fatal blandishments, only for one month, to reflect upon the almost inevitable consequences of an invariable pursuit of pleasure, they might avoid the abyss into which Hilario has now plunged himself. Wit, pleasantry, comeliness, liberality, sincerity, ease, gentility, politeness, all, *all* lose their lustre when misfortunes assail.—Your friends pity, your enemies laugh, your rivals rally—but who assists?

I DO

I DO not want to sermonize, I leave that to the pulpit; but I would have the young men of the age to think in time, for experience is a very nauseous draught, when we are obliged to swallow every bitter that misery can infuse*.

THE FASHIONABLE LIFE; A TRUE STORY.

True slaves to Fashion, but estrang'd to Peace.

IN consequence of an invitation from a neice of mine, lately married in this polite metropolis, I left my private dwelling in a retired part of the kingdom, where I have lived almost like an hermit, these five and twenty years, in order to pay her a visit upon her wedding. I came to town with additional pleasure, because she had informed me she was *settled*, in the most agreeable way with a man, who not only had it in his power to maintain her in a genteel stile of life, but who made her very happy by the most affectionate and attentive behaviour.

I WAS cordially received, I must own, both by my niece and her husband: I was accommodated with

* Let the gay and thoughtless young men of the present age, take warning from Hilario's fate, "and they shall do full well."

with a very good apartment, and every thing was done to make me satisfied with my journey to London; I soon, however, wished myself in my own little cottage again. Home is home, though ever so homely. The life which my niece leads, is indeed so different from my quiet one in the country, that I find my residence in her house, as disagreeable to me, as if I had taken up my quarters in a wind-mill. I therefore, plainly told her, for I am downright Dunstable, a few days after my arrival, that I could not stay any longer in so noisy and irregular a family. "Excuse me, my dear niece," said I to her, "for speaking so freely, but, to tell you the truth, you have greatly deceived me. You drew me up to town, by telling me that you was very happily *settled*. I hope you are happy, but I am sure you are not settled; for in the first place, you do not seem to know your own mind two minutes together, and in the second, you live in a perpetual dissipation from morning to night."

As she is a good-natured girl, she was not offended with my freedom: she only smiled and said "I am sorry, Sir, that your accommodations here are not to your taste; I am vastly happy, and as to my way of life, it is quite *fashionable*, I assure you."

THE word *fashionable* struck me dumb: I knew very well that all I could urge against a fashionable life would have no weight, and therefore kept my thoughts upon that life in general, and upon her situation in particular, to myself. As the fashionable couple are very ready, and indeed take a great deal of pains, to make my time pass chearfully away, I am pleased with their polite and friendly endeavours: but I am determined to set out to-morrow, towards my peaceful retreat in the West, with a resolution not to make another visit to London, to see any of my relations or friends *settled* in it.

THE POOR SOLDIER. AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

Oh woman! woman! woman! all the Gods
Have not such power of doing good to men,
As you of doing harm.

DRYDEN.

I CANNOT suppose, Sir, (said the distressed soldier to me) a tale of sorrow can be agreeable to one who appears to have so much sensibility as yourself.—"Your pardon, Sir (answered I)—to sympathize with distress is more pleasing to me

me than to participate of enjoyment."—"Your goodness (returned he) claims my confidence. I will then stop, agreeable to your request, and tell you some particulars which may be a warning to you in the dearest attachments of your life—I mean respecting *matrimony*. You are young. Be therefore cautious.

"I WAS like you, Sir, launched into the world in the spring of life, with every hope, from fortune and connections, of enjoying the summer of happiness. But *love* blasted all my blossoms, and left me this withered twig on the stem of existence. I became enamoured with a young lady of family, without fortune. Indeed, her family and beauty were all she could boast of. However, I married her, and began business as a Lisbon merchant, which I continued for some years with very great success. This I most probably might have done until this time, had not the perverse behaviour of my wife estranged my affections from my family, and, as the sequel will shew, ruined and reduced me to the poor soldier you see before you! But why do I lament? not at being a *poor* soldier—but a *wretched* one! My old faded coat (continued he, looking at it) seems to revive again in blushes at my weakness!" He had taken up one of the skirts which

which he let fall, saying, "Blush no more! I will not shame thee. I am a man again!—Sir, (said he) I beg your pardon.

"To return: I found very little incentive to industry. The man of genuine feelings, when hurt as mine were, and that in the most tender of them, what must he suffer? Alas! I at this moment feel for him, and myself likewise! I soon found myself not the *real* object of her love. In truth, she was incapable of the passion, notwithstanding there never lived of it a greater dissembler: so that it was no wonder my senses, and unwary heart, were the dupes of her artifice; especially as my affection blunted the acuteness of my discernment.

You are a young man. Beware of coquettes. They play with the heart as anglers do with the fish they have newly caught. They take pleasure in the pain they see their captives feel; and the more it agonises, the more it pleases them. If they lose it, not feeling for the wound they have given, they throw their line repeatedly, until they have caught one to their purpose. This was my wife's behaviour. Having caught me to feed her pleasure, her behaviour became intolerable. My house, instead of being (as every man's should be), a peaceful harbour from the

the storms of life, was the rendezvous for every sort of dissipation, revelling, dancing, gaming, and intriguing, till I could endure it no longer. The next morning, after one of these revels, I took an opportunity to acquaint her, that if such were the kinds of life she was disposed to lead, I must get a separate house for myself and my business. She answered, 'As soon as you please, Sir: the sooner the better. For I am as heartily tired of your unsociable company, as it is possible for you to be of mine, and my innocent amusements.' This answer struck me dumb with amazement.

"I HAD hitherto forborn to stop her career, as I really loved her, and flattered myself into the persuasion that she loved me. How easy it is to flatter ourselves into the opinion of possessing what would be our greatest misery to want! But this speech of her's dispelled the illusion. My indignation was encreased in proportion to my disappointment. Without further reply, I sent for a chair. It came; and I desired she would walk into it; telling her, with *me*, she should remain no longer. She immediately burst into tears; asked me how she had forfeited my love, and my protection? and added, if she had spoken any thing to displease me, she did not mean it—

that I knew how much I was beloved by her: and said nothing could possibly distress her so much as the parting from me; declaring there was not one thing but what she would comply with, if I would but revoke the cruel sentence.

"At this instant, to all appearance, she swooned away. Man! man! how art thou the sport of such deceit! how dim is thy sight, that its rays should not pierce through so flimsy a veil! For I believed all she had said—even relented and forgave—aye, owned myself sorry for having given her so much anxiety. You may suppose at these declarations she soon recovered. She did; and, rising from the sofa, said, in a tone of affected softness and tenderness, 'Indeed, I did not expect such cruelty from my dear B——; I was once your beloved and loving Eliza. How I shudder at the name! But to be as brief as possible. We afterwards spent the day very sociably and very agreeably—and, once more, I thought myself truly happy.

"In the evening," said she, "My dear B— I am going to the play—will you give me the pleasure of your company?" "To conceive her artifice, you must be informed, that she knew I had such foreign letters of importance to answer that

that evening, that it was impossible for me to accompany her; for I always informed her of every matter of mutual concern. I considered a wife should be the friend and adviser of her husband. Why with-hold any occurrence, where both are equally interested, from her whom you have chosen as the partner of your cares, pains, and pleasures? Besides, I always experienced an undescribeable pleasure in advising on, or unbosoming my cares, when she would give them attention. Bnt this was but seldom.

"To proceed; as she knew of these letters, she had the credit of paying me the compliment, and safety in prosecuting her further intentions. The time drawing near of her going to the play, she said, 'As she could not have the pleasure of my company, she would call on a Mrs. ****, and ask her to go with her.' This lady was her only companion. To this resolve, I answered, 'Eliza, you will not be detained longer than the play.'—'My dear, (said she) what should detain me from returning to you?'—'Nay—(answered I) is it possible to say how far the persuasions of Mrs. **** might tempt you to go home with her, and spend the night as usual?'—'No, indeed, my dear, (she replied) I will not be persuaded. You shall see if I am.'—'Good bye, my dear,' she said, and took her leave.——

"HAVING written my letters sooner than expected, I went to see the remaining part of the play—an amusement to which I was always very partial. It was where I sought relaxation for a few hours from the fatigues of business. I went this evening purposely to escort the two ladies home. But, going to the box I knew was always their choice, if not engaged, how was I surprised not to find them! As the door-keeper knew them, I immediately asked him, if they had been there that evening? He told me they had; and two gentlemen who came after the second act, had escorted them home, he supposed. In the greatest rage, I could not help exclaiming, 'Did they go with the gentlemen?'—'Yes, (replied he) they went all in a coach together: for I heard one of them desire his servant to bid the coachman to draw up to the pavement.'—'Pray (said I) have you any knowledge of either of them? Where they live? Their liveries?'—'I think, Sir, (answered he) the one was my Lord C——.'—'It is very well, said I. I ran immediately home, took my sword, wrapped myself in my surtout, and, with all the speed that rage and resentment could excite, hasted to —— square, the residence of Lord C——.

"GOING up the street which led into the square, I saw a crowd of people, but I was in

too

too great haste to enquire the cause. Passing it, however, I heard one gentleman tell another, it was Lord C——'s carriage. It was enough, I ran into the midst of the crowd, and perceived my wife in the arms of his lordship—I heard her say—' if you be not hurt, my Lord, I am happy.'—This roused me beyond myself. ' Villain (cried I) leave the wanton, and defend yourself against the rage of an injured husband *.' He obeyed the summons on the instant, and let my wife fall on the floor of the coach. I had retreated from the crowd, and had drawn my sword. He was no sooner disengaged, than his was also drawn.

THIS was an incident that seemed to lock up all interposition with the spectators. They surrounded us to observe—not to *prevent* our combat. ' Now, Sir, (said Lord C——) to answer your utmost rage, and to excite it the more, know that your wife has been familiar with me these *twelve* months. Thou egregious cuckold! this I bestow on thee in return for the name in which you hailed me!' We engaged; and the first thrust, I pierced him to the heart - - - -

* Jealousy is the rage of a man, and cruel as the grave.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

DAMON and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect of philosophers, lived in the time of Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed; But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not

not desire, by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged, that they would take *himself* in for a third.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards loaded with gold and silver plate, of immense value. Pages, of extraordinary beauty, were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and

and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the Gods.

In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his head, as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction, thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

THE Prætor had given up to the Triumver, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He, who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her

her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison, carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance, concluding, that, in a few days, the mother, must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided.

SOME days passing in this manner, the Triumver began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breast to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life; and the ground upon which the prison stood, was afterwards consecrated, and a temple to *filial piety* built upon it.

WHAT

WHAT will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards, will it not run? if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner. For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breast of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not, that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

LUCIUS CATILINE, by birth a Patrician, was by nature endowed with superior advantages, both bodily and mental, but his disposition was corrupt and wicked. From his youth, his supreme delight, was in violence, slaughter, rapine, and intestine confusions; and such works were the employment of his earliest years. His constitution qualified him for bearing hunger, cold, and want of sleep, to a degree exceeding belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and unsteady. There was no character which he could not assume, and put off at pleasure. Rapacious of what belonged to others; prodigal of his

his own; violently bent on whatever became the object of his pursuit. He possessed a considerable share of eloquence, but little solid knowledge. His insatiable temper was ever pushing him to grasp at what was immoderate, romantic, and out of his reach.

ABOUT the time of the disturbances raised by Sylla, Catiline was seized with a violent lust of power; nor did he at all hesitate about the means, so he could but attain his purpose, of raising himself to supreme dominion. His restless spirit was in a continual ferment, occasioned by the confusion of his own private affairs, and by the horrors of his own guilty conscience, both which he had brought upon himself, by living the life above described. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the general corruption of manners, which then prevailed amongst a people infected with two vices, not less opposite to one another in their natures, than mischievous in their tendencies, I mean *luxury* and *avarice*.

THE ASTRONOMER; A MORAL TALE.

We See and Know but in Part.

DISORDERS of the intellects occur more frequently than superficial observers will easily believe. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason; and every such tyranny of fancy is a temporary degree of insanity. He who delights in silent speculations, often indulges, without restraint, the airy visions of the soul, and expatiates in boundless futurity; amusing his desires with impossible enjoyments, and conferring upon his pride unattainable dominion. In time, some particular train of ideas absorb the attention; the mind recurs constantly, in weariness or leisure, to the favourite conceptions, and the sway of fancy becomes despotic. Delusions then operate as realities; false opinions ingross the understanding; and life passes in dreams of pleasure or of misery.

AN Egyptian Astronomer, who had spent *forty* years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the heavenly bodies, conceived that he was invested with the power of regulating the weather, and varying the seasons. The Sun

Sun, he thought, obeyed his mandates, and passed from tropic to tropic by his direction. The Clouds burst at his call on the southern mountains; and the inundations of the Nile were governed by his will. He mitigated the rage of the Dog-star; reſtrained the equinoctial tempests, and dispensed rain and sunshine to the several nations of the earth. Such power, though imaginary, was too extensive for the feebleness of man; and the Astronomer sunk under the burdens of an office, which he laboured to administer, with impartial justice and universal benevolence.

THE discordant claims of different regions and climates, and the opposite requisitions of the various fruits of the ground in the same district, harrassed his mind with incessant care, suspence, and perplexity. If he suffered the clouds to pour down their treasures on the thirsty deserts of Arabia, impetuous torrents overwhelmed the fertile plains of Bassora. And when he sent forth a storm to sweep away the pestilential Samiel, which carried death and desolation in its progress, a fleet, laden with the richest merchandise, was shipwrecked in the Gulph of Ormus. The fervid beams of the Sun, whilst they matured the luscious grape of Smyrna, destroyed

the harvest of corn, and scorched the herbage of the fields. The Philosopher thought he could perhaps remedy these evils, by turning aside the axis of the earth, and varying the ecliptic of the sun. But he found it impossible to make a change of position, by which the world could be advantaged; and he dreaded the injury which he might occasion, to distant and unknown parts of the solar system.

OPPRESSED with anxiety, he earnestly solicited the great Governor of the Universe to divest him of the painful pre-eminence with which he was honoured: 'Father of light and life,' he cried, "thy omnipotent hand, and all-seeing eye, are alone equal to the mighty empire of this globe. The vast operations of nature exceed my finite comprehension; and I now feel, with reverence and humility, that to dispense good and evil in all those varied combinations, which constitute the harmonious system on which the general happiness depends, nothing less can be required, than unerring wisdom, spotless rectitude, and sovereign power *."

THE

* To this conviction all must come, who seriously reflect on the works of God.

Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee;
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere and rush into the kies, Por

THE Deity listened with indulgence to a prayer which flowed from a sincere and pious heart. In the folly of the Astronomer he saw and pitied the weakness of human nature; and by strengthening the present conviction of his mind, he graciously removed the insanity under which he laboured.

A DYING BEGGAR'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

More Knave than Fool.

REMEMBER, my children, that the two most leading passions of the human breast are *vanity* and *pity*; both of them have great power over men's actions, but the *first*, the greater far, and he who can attract this the most successfully, will gain the largest fortune.

BE not less friends because you are brothers, or of the same profession: the Lawyers herd together in their inns, the Doctors in their college, the Mercers on Ludgate-hill, and the Old Cloaths-men in Monmouth-street. What one has not among those, another has; and among you, the heart of him who is not moved by one

lamentable object, will probably be so by another; and that charity which was half awakened by the first, will often relieve a second or a third. Remember this, and always people a whole street with objects skilled in the scenes of different distresses; the tale that moves not one heart, may affect the next.

REMEMBER, that where one gives out of pity to you, fifty give out of kindness to themselves, to get rid of your troublesome applications; and for one that gives out of *real* compassion, five hundred do it out of mere ostentation*. On these principles, trouble those people most who are most busy; and ask relief where many may see it given, and you will generally succeed in every attempt. Remember that the streets were made for people to *walk*, not to converse in; keep up their antient use, and whenever you see two or three gathered together, let them hear not the sound of their own voices, till they have bought off the noise of yours. When self-love is thus satisfied, remember social virtue is the next duty, and tell your next friend where *he* may go, and obtain the same relief by the same means.

TROUBLE

* The *motive* of an action is more to be regarded than the action itself, for God looks more to the *heart* than the action.

TROUBLE not yourselves with the nobility, for prosperity has made them vain and insensible; they cannot pity what they can never feel: but above all avoid the men in *black*:—the clergy never give, except under *one* circumstance only, if you can hit upon that, you may possibly succeed. Attack them as they come out of the church among their own parishioners, and the credit of benevolence may urge them to do handsomely by you.

THE talkers in the street are to be tolerated on different conditions, and at different prices: if they are tradesmen, their conversation will soon end, and may be well paid for by a *half-penny*; if an inferior clings to the skirt of a superior, he will give *two-pence* rather than be pulled off; and when you are happy enough to meet a lover and his mistress, never part with them under *six pence*, for you may be sure they will never part with one another.

So much regards communities of men; when you hunt single, the great game of all is to be played. However much you may ramble in the day-time, be sure to have some one street near your home, where your chief residence is, and all your idle time is spent: take care this idle time be judiciously attended to at *twelve* at noon,

and at *five* in the evening; at the first of those hours people are generally going out, at the other they are looking out of their windows after dinner; and this is a time when every body is in a good humour. Here learn the history of every family, and whatever has been the latest calamity of that, provide a brother or a sister that may pretend to have met with the same. If the master of one house has lost a son, let your eldest brother attack his compassion on that tender side, and tell him that he has lost the sweetest, hopefullest, and dutifullest child that was his only comfort. What should the answer be, but, "Aye, poor fellow, I know how to pity you in that," and a shilling will be in as much haste to fly out of his pocket, as the first tear from his eye.

HAS another just recovered peace by losing his wife, let another ragged friend intreat of him a half-penny to help to buy a glass of good liqour to revive his spirits, that he may not die just as he has entered on a new life, by the death of a vixen that had plagued the very skin off his bones; the widower must have very little fellow-feeling, if he does not reply, 'Poor devil, I give thee joy, here's six-pence for thee.'

Is the master of a third house sick? waylay his house from morning till night: if he be good for any thing, tell his wife you will pray morning, noon, and night, for his recovery; or if he be as most husbands are, tell her you heard the doctor say as he came out, that he could not hold it long. The devil must be in that woman who would not give six-pence a day, either towards the keeping her husband, or the getting rid of him. If he dies, grief is the reigning passion for the first fortnight, let him have been what he would: grief leads naturally to compassion, so let your sister thrust a pillow under her coats, and tell her she is a disconsolate widow left with *seven* small children, and that she has just lost the best husband in the world, and you may by this means share considerable gains, *probatum est.*

WHATEVER people seem to want, give it them largely in your address to them, call the beau sweet gentleman, bless even his coat or his periwig, and tell him they are happy ladies where he is going. If you meet with a school boy captain, such as our streets are full of, call him noble general; and if the miser can be any way got to strip himself of a farthing, it will be by the name of *charitable sir.*

SOME people shew you in their looks the whole thoughts

thoughts of their hearts, and give you plain intimation how to succeed with them; if you meet a sorrowful countenance with a red coat, be sure the wearer is a disbanded officer, let a *female* always attack him, and tell him she is the widow of a poor marine, who had served twelve years, and then broke his heart because he was turned out without a penny: if you see a plain looking man hang down his head as he comes out of some nobleman's gate, tell him, Good worthy Sir, I beg your pardon, but I am a poor ruined tradesman that was once in good business, but the great people would not pay me. Whenever you see a pretty woman with a dejected look, send your first sister that is at hand, to complain to her of a bad husband, that gets drunk and beats her, that runs to whores and has spent all her substance; there are but two things that can make a handsome woman melancholy, the having a bad husband, or the having no husband at all; if the first of these is the case, one of the former crimes will touch her to the quick, and loosen the strings of her purse; if the other, let a second distressed object tell her she was to have been married well, but that her lover died a week before: one way or other the tender heart of the female will be melted, and the reward will be handsome.

If you meet a homely but dressed up lady, pray for her lovely face, and beg a penny; and if you see a mark of delicacy by the drawing up of h r nose, send somebody to shew her a sore leg, a scalded head, or a rupture. If you are happy enough to fall in with a tender husband leading his big-bellied wife to church, send some companion that has but one arm, or two thumbs, or tell her of some monstrous child you have brought forth, and the good man will quickly give you something to be gone, if he gives slightly, it is but following and getting before the lady, and talking louder, and you may depend upon opening his pockets, to better purpose a *second* time.

Commend to every one that which he wants most, talk of courage to the officer, a bishoprick to the priest, and to whores religion. Many more things there are I have to speak of, but my feeble tongue will not hold out to express them; profit by these, and if they prove to you, what they have been these *eighteen* years to me, I shall not repine at my own change of life, but bless the good bishop, whose rigid severity stared me out of my gown, and taught me a more profitable trade than *preaching*.

Sad Wicked Stuff

Sir

SIR JOHN FILMER AND HIS LADY, OR PORTRAITS OF AN AMIABLE PAIR.

Thrice blest are they whom true Affection joins.

LADY FILMER had no pretensions to beauty, however, she had a tall agreeable person, a pleasing countenance, a noble air, and was one of the most accomplished of her sex. Lady Filmer was a faithful wife, an affectionate mother, and a sincere friend. She had, it is true, a particular veneration for people of birth, but it never made her overlook the meanest beggar; nor did her love of the sciences prevent her from the strictest attention to her œconomical arrangements.

LADY FILMER considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes equally to be avoided, and generosity as the happy medium betwixt them. She had the most interested heart that ever beat in a female bosom, and could not behold even the most abject in pain, without feeling herself real anguish of heart.

THOUGH she was sensible of injuries, she never resented them; but won the hearts of those who

who are charmed with the softer studies of humanity.

She wisely considered that home is the female theatre for action; that it is there alone we can ascertain its real merit. Her house resembled the internal mechanism of the animal body, in which every thing is employed in continual labour, without our being sensible of any motion, while the external parts are at rest. She held in utter contempt the duties imposed on us by fashion, which are innumerable; because those who would fulfil them, could never have half an hour to spare for *books*, a *husband*, or a *friend*; as from women of fashion, the politeness of the age requires no other occupation than that of pleasure, no other knowledge than that of the world, and no other duty than that of not living in open defiance to morality. She pitied those fine ladies, who are constantly governed by their love and their aversion; and who have no command of their passions: whose wisdom and virtue are inferior to their beauty.—Their charms, though the gift of Heaven, become equally fatal to themselves as to their admirers: their lives are continually perplexed between the desire of pleasing and the pain of being neglected. Such were the sentiments of Lady Filmer; but at the same time she

she thought, that, as members of society, we ought not only to cultivate the duties which may render us useful to others, but also the agreeable arts which afford pleasure to those with whom we converse. Her maxim was, We owe something to society, but more to ourselves.

She justly thought that none spend their time properly, who do not live by some rule, who do not appropriate their hours, as near as may be, to useful purposes and employments. She was parsimonious in nothing but her *time*, of which she made the best improvement, with the least loss, of any person I ever was acquainted with; and always urged, that whoever does not attempt perfection, will sink far below mediocrity. She had two faults, as shades to these perfections; the first of these would have been insupportable in two thirds of her sex; she was apt, in company, to ingross the conversation, and to deliver her sentiments in too peremptory and decisive a manner on the subject debated: she happened, indeed, to be generally in the *right*, but a failing of this kind, though it may be borne with, cannot be defended. Yet, surely, it is very difficult to have superior talents to the vulgar, without feeling

feeling our superiority *; and not very easy to conceal it.

LADY FILMER's other foible was too high an idea of the prerogatives of her own sex, and a too great partiality in favour of people of rank, as has been before observed. She maintained that there is something in blood in the human creature, as well as the ignobler animals! This was a favourite subject with her Ladyship; which she carried sometimes too far, to the discomposure of Sir John, her husband, who, although a peer's brother, had accumulated a large fortune by trade; and, in consequence of many transactions he had with people of rank, held them, in general, in little esteem.

SIR JOHN used frequently to reason with Lady Filmer on this subject, and said, 'Titles do not impose on me; I regard the statue, not its pedestal: men, in this age, either inherit titles from their ancestors, purchase them, or receive

* Modesty and diffidence are always the companions of *true* merit; 'tis possible, though difficult, for a lady to know herself to be handsome, and a gentleman to be conscious of his own accomplishments, without vanity on the one side, or superciliousness on the other.

them as rattles to still ambition. But none are *truly* great, but they who are truly *good* *.

We cannot command bright talents and extensive capacities, but we may make those we have, useful to ourselves and others: we cannot command the gifts of fortune, or titles, but we may deserve them: we cannot all be *great*, but every body may be *good*. I respect the circumstance of birth, only as it is an additional motive to virtue; in fact, it is unnecessary to our happiness: and therefore I would be far from despising those who have not this advantage. In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest. Let us always remember, that true greatness of mind consists, in a contempt of all those customs and opinions, not founded on reason and good sense.

Dean Swift says, "That he who makes a pile of grass or corn grow where it did not grow before, is a greater man than Julius Cæsar.' If true greatness consists in being rather useful to society than making a figure in it, his remark is certainly just. As merit can render those illustrious

* Would to God mankind, in general, acted agreeable to this sentiment, and paid respect only to *real merit*, not to birth or fortune, which are entirely fortuitous.

trious who are but of mean extraction, vice will make those infamous that are of the best families. The counsel of St. Jerome, to Celantia, is worthy the observation of both sexes; 'We ought, says he, to esteem that nobility, which pleaseth God; which depends upon ourselves, and is inseparable from virtue. There are three sorts of nobility, *divine*, *worldly*, and *moral:* the divine depends upon the power of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind; if we consider well the importance of the *first*, we shall set less value on the second, and render ourselves more capable of the third.'

Sir John was master of every subject; had thought much, and had contemplated every subject deserving attention, with an accuracy, a taste, and an elegance, peculiar to men who had improved their minds by observations on real life, a sober exercise of the understanding, and a judicious course of study. His conversation was consequently highly entertaining; he had a great share of good sense, and his disposition was full of sweetness and benevolence; he had the genuine art of pleasing, for he made those with whom he conversed, pleased with themselves, and filled them with good humour, proceeding from

self-complacency: chearfulness always glowed in his countenance, and promised a pleasing reception to the stranger, who, after spending a whole day in his family, was apt to mistake the house for his own.

EVERY one there might do as they pleased; and, when he made entertainments, his friends told him, they were not only pleased while they were enjoying them, but also upon recollection. At eight in the morning, and at nine at night, Sir John and Lady Filmer, always retired to their chapel, where their domestic chaplain read prayers. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that the regular and stated worship of God in a family, must have a happy influence on the conduct and tempers of those who attend it? A continual sense of our dependence is thereby kept up: we are often put in mind of what we owe the divine goodness, and the frequent acknowledgements of our offences should make us ashamed to repeat them. How can we love God, if we never hear him mentioned in a becoming manner.

As Sir John possessed a very large estate, and had only *two* children, he erected a school for the instruction of youth.—In limiting the numbers to *twenty* of each sex, he did violence to his own benevolence;

benevolence; but wisely judged, that his heirs from difference of circumstances, might not be in the same situation with himself, and that withdrawing charity must render a man obnoxious; since, when any charity has been long established, they who reap the advantage of it are apt to plead prescription.

ON THE APPELLATION, SWEET CREATURES, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THEM.

THE use of this fashionable expression, is principally confined by the ladies to that species of mankind, who are possessed of good legs, a tolerable face, and little understanding; fellows who grow like excrescences upon the surface of creation, and whose ideas, if they have any, are entirely confined to the contemplation of their own sweet selves, and the seduction of innocence and virtue *.

* These sweet creatures have often been the causes of very *sour* effects, as may be too sadly verified by numbers of their *female* admirers.

As a great number of our modern fine gentlemen put in their claim for the title of *Sweet Creatures*, it may not be unnecessary to mention some particular marks by which they are to be distinguished from the *sensible* part of mankind.

A sweet Creature is a constant attendant upon, or rather dangler after the ladies, and always connected with a dancing-master.

A sweet Creature wears an eternal simper on his countenance, and is in every company the readiest to laugh at his *own* jokes.

A sweet Creature talks very loud, swears very much, and thinks very little.

A sweet Creature generally behaves rude to ladies in public, stares in the face of every woman he meets, and though possessed of a good pair of eyes, always makes use of a glass.

A sweet Creature is courageous enough to draw his sword upon a poor chairman, and good-natured enough to take a slap in the face, from any man superior to himself.

A sweet Creature frequently appears in the green boxes with the ladies of easy virtue; and is perfect-

ly

ly acquainted with all the orange-women of the Theatre.

A sweet Creature perpetually struts before a coffee-house glass, and is his own admirer, though despised by all around him.

A sweet Creature affects the practice of the vices he is a stranger to, in order to pass for a devilish clever fellow, and enjoy the good opinion of the ladies.

A sweet Creature's principal study is his dress; and his only oracle, his taylor.

A sweet Creature's highest ambition is to run in debt, and his greatest terror is a bailiff.

A sweet Creature is always a fool or a coxcomb, but more frequently *both*.

A sweet Creature is an utter stranger to reflection, a disgrace to society, and a scandal to human nature.

HAVING thus defined, and given some incontestable marks of a sweet Creature, I shall beg leave to conclude this essay with one remark, which

which I principally intend for the benefit of my *fair* readers, who may be teazed with his folly, or offended by his impertinence.

A MAN who can be amused with trifles, has generally no great understanding; and the weakness of those which render him delighted with folly, naturally exposes him to the allurements of vice: incapable of judging between an error and a crime, he is seldom honourable, and never honest. A stranger to the proper means of promoting his *own* happiness, he is not fit to be trusted with that of another; and being by inclination vicious, habit makes him truly despicable, till as Shakespear finely says,

" Th' affections of his mind are dark as night,
" And dull as Erebus."———

And concludes with this admirable admonition.

" Let no such man be trusted."

MAY the ladies in general take the poet's advice, and as a mark of their good sense and discernment, from henceforth treat these sweet Creatures with a just disdain.

ON PROPRIETY IN CONVERSATION.

Think twice before you Speak once.

THERE are so many ways of committing improprieties in conversation, that the number of them is almost out of the reach of arithmetic.

IT is not in every body's power—it is, indeed, in the power of very few—to give *general* pleasure by their society in whatever circles they appear; but every body can be *negatively* agreeable, by not saying a syllable which can reasonably offend the most fastidious of his hearers of either sex.

IT is for want of an attention to propriety, that we, in conversation, hear so many people expose themselves, and displease, if they do not absolutely disgust, others.

IN mixed companies, it is incumbent on us to be particularly on our guard, that we may not, if we happen to be of a loquacious disposition, bolt out, (a wise man sometimes shoots his bolt as well as a fool) in the hurry of utterance, words which we may wish, but in vain, to recall—"*Volat irrevocabile verbum.*"

POLITE-

POLITENESS, supposing prudence out of the question, requires us to say nothing to occasion any uneasy sensations in those with whom we converse; and if we never lose sight of propriety, we shall never torment our companions with our tongues.

THERE are but too many persons in the world, who make themselves unwelcome in every room in which they shew their faces, by giving vent to every thought which darts into their heads.—Now, it is very certain, that those who always speak what they think, must more frequently merit censure than praise.

IF the various improprieties hourly committed in conversation were only productive of *merry* incidents and ridiculous scenes, they would hardly deserve a severe reprehension; but as the most trifling improprieties are sometimes attended with serious consequences, they are not beneath the regard of the profoundest philosopher; for even he, by being *absent* when his *mind* as well as his *body* should be *present*, may throw out a sentiment sufficiently improper, to meet with a very unphilosophical reception.

USEFUL HINTS, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS; ADDRESSED TO ALL.

NEGLIGENCE sometimes suffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only *right*-handed? the right-hand was made stronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator, the wisest of God's creatures suffer habit, when they have two arms, to confine them almost totally, to the use of *one*. Let us copy the skilful fencing master, and teach our children the use of both arms indiscriminately. Cases may be put, in which the left arm, which now seems to be fixed to the body only for the sake of uniformity, may truly save the wearer's life.

EVERY man, in the moment of deep thought is addicted to some particular action. Swift used to roll up a slip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this sort which are disgraceful, and some, even habits of indecency; beware of bad *habits* as well as bad *company*.

HAVE

HAVE you a daughter? Do not christen her from novels and romances. Louisa and Clementina may betray her into situations, of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shenstone thanked God his name was liable to no pun. Never give your daughter a name which sentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or "hitch into a rhyme.".

WHEN you accost a friend, stay to answer his question, and don't be in the same hurry that he is; or you will both ask the same questions, and neither of you receive an answer.

LISTEN to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder street. One "says how do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home? &c. &c. &c." The other says, "how do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home? &c. &c."

BY the way, "How *do* you *do?*" however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phrase.

WHEN you come, or find yourself coming *full butt*, as it is called, against another person, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man advise you not to do so. Stand still. He will endeavour to get out of *your* way, and, by your standing still, he will effect it.—If you both endeavour to get by at the same time, as there are but two sides, it is an even wager but that you run against each other.

ONCE I got a bloody nose and spoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dresser thus in St. Paul's Church-yard. Another time I was almost killed by getting out of a smuggler's way on the Sussex-road. Now, if I am on horseback, I ride straight forward; if I am on foot, I stand stock still; by which precautions I have not been knocked down these *thirty* years.

IF you have occasion to travel frequently to one place, take all the cross cuts and endeavour to find out the nearest way—but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high road,—for though it may be the longest way, you will get the sooner to your destination.

ON EDUCATION.

A FATHER may give to his child three important things; *natural life*, *education*, and *riches*. Happy the child who has received with natural life, the seeds of virtue, and a well-inclined disposition. These are not hereditary, for there are but too many examples of children whose lives contaminate, and whose actions degenerate from the virtues of their forefathers. Alexander left to the world a son almost unknown to posterity; and Augustus had but *one* daughter, whom he was obliged to banish for her indecencies.

RICHES do not wholly depend on the father, for all his prudence may be baffled by the misfortunes which happen to him. So that it is only the *second* thing which is education and instruction, to make him capable of conducting himself in the world, that depends solely on the *father*; and he is indispensably obliged to give it to his child, in order to excite him to virtue, and turn him from vice; and often by it he leaves him a better and more solid inheritance, than all the succession of persons of noble birth and large fortune.

ON MARRIAGE.

EVERY man who marries ought to have *three* views, *viz.* To live quietly and happily in the matrimonial state; firmly to establish his house according to his situation in life; and to give some gratification to his senses. The pleasure of a peaceable life ought to outweigh all the others, and the establishment of his fortune ought to be preferred before views of sensual pleasure. The temper and virtue of a wife give the first; riches, the second; and agreeableness of person, the last. But by a misfortune, or rather a strange blindness, most people reverse this order of things, and prefer pleasure to fortune, and fortune to the happiness of life; and from thence proceed so many unhappy families among those who have only views of pleasure or interest; for pleasure glides away and extinguishes itself, either by possession which allays desire, or by age which destroys personal charms; and often riches take themselves wings, and leave a man only an idol stript of the gold which constituted its value. But good sense and virtue always remain, and are not subject either to disgust or change.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE Emperor Charles V. having one day lost his way as he was hunting in a forest, and being pretty far distant from his company, found himself after wandering about some time, near an inn, which he entered to refresh himself. Being seated, he saw four men, whose appearance boded him no good; however, he took no notice of them, but called for what he wanted. These men at first were laid down, and pretended to sleep. But one soon rose up, and approaching the Emperor, told him, not knowing who he was, that he had dreamt he ought to take away his hat, and in saying so, snatches it from him. A second then came to him, and saying he had dreamt that his surtout coat would fit him very well, took that from him. A third cast his eye on his buff waistcoat, and stript him of that also. The fourth dreamt likewise in his turn, and tells the prince not to take it amiss, if he gave himself the trouble to search him, and seeing a gold chain about his neck to which hung a flagelet; he went to take it from him; stay my friend, said the Emperor to him, before you rob me of this dear whistle, suffer me to shew you the property of it, and at the same time he began to whistle. His attendants who had sought for him throughout the forest

forest, happily arrived near the inn just as he began, and on whistling, hearing the sound, went in, and were much surprized to see him in that condition.

BEHOLD, said the Emperor, on seeing them, a set of people here, who have dreamt just what they pleased concerning me; I too am disposed to dream in my turn; and having dosed a little, he said to his attendants, I have dreamt that those gentlemen, the dreamers, all *four* deserve the gallows; and it is my will that my dream be fulfilled directly. They accordingly hanged them all four opposite the inn.

A SATYRICAL HARANGUE,

Delivered lately, by a young Gentleman in the Character of a Pedlar.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I AM an *itinerant* merchant, who make a trading voyage from town to town, and from street to street; and as for my *gimcracks* here, I sell them cheap enough: you shall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a

purse to hold *honesty*; it is worn with *simplicity* and *plain-dealing*, a little out of fashion I must confess, but not the worse for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *stewards*, *overseers*, *custom-house officers*, and *voters* at an election.

WHAT say ye to these *masks*; they are neither French or Venetian, but true English ones; they are called *masks for knavery*, and worn by people of the best *fashion*, of *all* professions. This *smiling*, *smooth-faced* one, will conceal the *rancour* of a *courtier's* heart. This, with the *white of the eye turn'd up*, the *atheism* of *a priest*; and that with the *supercilious brow*, the *ignorance* of *a quack*.—What! no one buy! but no matter—I can dispose of them either at the Temple, Charing cross, Whitehall, or St. James's.

THIS *smelling bottle* may perhaps have a better recommendation: it is filled with the *quintessence* of *ignorance*, some *drops of stupidity*, with a few *grains* of *impudence*, extracted from the speech of a *coffee-house politician*, the *pericranium* of a *proctor* in the *commons*, and a *billet-deux* of an *ensign* of the *guards*. Lady Pratle uses this sort in all assemblies; and lady Scandal was seen to pull it out more than once at church last Sunday, while she kept

kept a correspondence with Mrs. Modely, a pew or two from her. It assists thought infinitely better than Rappee or Havanna, and producesa *je ne ſca quoi* in stile.

THE next thing I offer is a *pocket looking glass*; in it a *side-box lady* may view her *new complexion*; and a *beau* be *shock'd* at his *own grin*, notwithstanding the *charms* of a well combed *toupee*. Should an *alderman* peep in it, possibly he might startle at his branching *frontlet*; and *takers of bribes* may see in it the *price* of their *conscience*. It will shew a *vicar* what he *presented* the 'squire for his *presentation*; and to a *dean* it may exhibit the *three years purchase* that was stipulated with my lord: but an *usurer* will not be able to see his *conscience* in it; a *quaker*, his *sincerity*; or some *fellows* of colleges, their *learning*. Now I look upon it *myself*, I see my *own folly*, and that none of *these toys* are wanted by *this* company*; so your servant sirs.

* Few people see their own failings, or if they do, like to acknowledge them; more the pity.

CRITI-

CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE OLD BALLAD OF THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides frauds in smiles.——— POPE.

THERE is something so interesting in the well known ballad of the *Children of the Wood*, that there is hardly a person who has read that excellent little poem, who has not been more or less pleased and affected with it; and so much has it weighed in general upon the minds of people, that the *robin red-breast*, from the fabulous charity allowed him of covering their dead bodies, is become the most sacred character of the feathered creation: though, without exception, it is the most spiteful and revengeful little animal amongst the various species of birds.

I WOULD not wish by this discourse to hurt the little *robin* with his friendly associate, man—because he is a domestic creature; and his soft twitter in the rains and bleakest seasons, deserves so much man's attention and cherishing, that I wish not to explain away his worth and domestic virtues. However, it is to this excellent old ballad that *cock-robin* owes some part of his consequence;

consequence; and whoever the poet was, it was a fiction natural, pleasing, rural, and picturesque.

THE poem was written upon the cruel murder of two infants, by an inhuman uncle, to possess their fortunes; and as the melancholy catastrophe happened in the county of Norfolk, perhaps in some description thereof, the particulars might be discovered on which this ballad is founded.

THE Guardian, in one of his numbers, takes some notice of this tale, and allows much merit to the simplicity of the poesy: though he has not dwelt thereon so much, as the beauties of the piece demanded.

FROM many circumstances, I imagine this ballad-elegy was written in the reign of *Richard the First*, in 1495. But the idea indeed is more conjectural than real.

HOWEVER, it still serves for an excellent moral; nor can the hardest hearts read it without emotion.

THE address to parents in general has such a pathetic simplicity in it, that it is not possible to repeat these lines without a singular pleasure.

Now ponder well, ye parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story ye shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

THE stanzas above are all regular, and the rhimes pure and chaste. The following description of the conjugal harmony of this sick-bed pair is worthy the attention of the folks of this day:

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to t'other kind:
In love they liv'd— in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

THE following stanzas are not so correct in either metre or rhime: though I do not doubt but I should find the old English more perfect; for our authors, by attempting to modernize it, have mutilated the work.

NOR dare I attempt an alteration of so great a piece of antiquity.

THE description of the children is natural and sweet.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing five years old;
T'other a girl more young than he,
And *fram'd in beauty's mould.*

THE father making his will, and leaving the babes and their fortunes to his brother's protection, is simply told; and the mother's last words are tender and maternal.

And thus bespoke the mother dear,
"O brother kind, (quoth she)
"You are the man must bring our babes
"To wealth or misery!"

THE death-bed parting of the parents and their children is very pathetic.

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kiss'd their children small:
"God bless you both our children dear;"
Then down the tears did fall!

THE oaths and promises of the uncle are natural on the occasion: and his hiring of the murderers is strongly marked.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children fair,
And slay them in a wood.

THE idea of sending them to London to deceive his own family, and amuse their infant minds more readily to embrace their departure, is very natural.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mood,
They should on horseback ride!

THE interposition of Providence, making the ruffians quarrel and fight, and the man of the meekest disposition slaying the other, is happily introduced.—The children's innocence and sweetness of disposition working on the brutality of his nature, that he could not murder them, is finely fancied. His leading them into the wood, and to appease them, telling them he was going to town to fetch them bread;—and their eating of berries, and crying at the approach of night, is a pleasing melancholy image, finely drawn.

Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd:
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cry'd.
Thus wander'd these two babies dear,
'Till death did end their grief:
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

THE

THE following beautiful image has always been acknowledged:—nor has an infant ever read it, that it did not make an impression on its mind.

No burial these two pretty babes
Of any man receives;
'Till *Robin-red-breasts* painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

HERE *painfully* most happily expresses, the arduous task of the birds, covering over the dead bodies of these little innocents.

THE discovery of the murder, and the trouble of a guilty conscience, concludes this little elegy, with a moral advice to all those who are left *guardians* to orphans; which is one of the first and greatest charges of this life;—and alas! a charge, which is too often greatly abused.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this deed,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God, for such-like cruelty,
Your wicked minds requite.

A JOURNEY TO NAPLES; WITH A DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, WRITTEN BY A LADY, IN DEC. 1785.

ON the 10th day of this month we arrived early at Naples, for I think it was about two o'clock in the morning; and sure the providence of God preserved us, for never was such weather seen by me since I came into the world; thunder, lightening, storm at sea, rain, and wind, contending for the mastery, and combining to extinguish the torches bought to light us the last stage: Vesuvius vomiting fire, and pouring torrents of red hot lava down its sides, was the only object visible; and THAT we saw plainly in the afternoon, *thirty* miles off; where I asked a Fransciscan friar, if it was the famous volcano? "Yes," replied he, "that's our mountain, which "throws up money for us, by calling foreigners "to see the extraordinary effects of so surprising "a phenomenon."

THE evening had been calm, and we had no notion of passing such a horrible night; but an hour after dark, a storm came on, which was really dreadful to endure, or even look upon; the blue lightening,

lightening, shone around us in a broad expanse from time to time, and sudden darkness followed in an instant: no object then but the fiery river could be seen, till another flash discovered the waves tossing and breaking, at a height I never saw before. Nothing sure was ever more sublime or awful, than our entrance into Naples at the dead hour we arrived, when not a whisper was to be heard in the streets, and not a glimpse of light was left to guide us, except a small lamp hung out, now and then, at a high window before a favourite image of the Virgin.

We obtained a noble apartment, the windows of which look full upon the celebrated bay which washes the wall at our door. Caprea lies opposite the drawing-room or gallery, which is magnificent; and my bedchamber commands a complete view of the mountain, which I value more, and which called me the first night *twenty* times away from sleep and supper, though never more in want of both.

Our eagerness to see sights has been repressed at Naples, only by finding every thing a sight; one need not stir out to look for wonders, while this amazing mountain continues to exhibit such various scenes of sublimity and grandeur, at exactly the

distance one would chuse to observe it from; a distance which almost admits examination, and certainly excludes immediate fear. When, in the silent night, however, one listens to its groaning, while hollow sighs, as of gigantic sorrow, are often heard distinctly in my apartment; nothing can surpass my sensations of amazement, except the consciousness that custom will abate their keenness.

I HAVE not, however, yet learned to lie quiet, while columns of flame, high as the mountain's self, shoot from its crator, into the clear atmosphere, with a loud and violent noise; nor shall I ever forget the scene it presented one day to my astonished eyes, while a thick cloud, charged heavily with electric matter, passed over, met the fiery explosion, by mere chance, and went off in such a manner, as effectually baffles all description.

A PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF TINTERN ABBEY, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

TINTERN ABBEY, which belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, is situated on the river Wye, at a small distance from Monmouth, and it is esteemed, with its appendages, the most beautiful and picturesque view on that celebrated stream.

CASTLES and abbeys have different situations, agreeable to their respective uses. The castle meant for defence, stands boldly on the hill: the abbey, intended for meditation, is hid in the sequestered vale.

> Ah! happy then, if one superior rock
> Bear on its brow the shivered fragment huge
> Of some old Norman fortress: happier far,
> Ah! then most happy, if thy vale below
> Wash with the crystal coolness of its rills,
> Some mouldering abbey's ivy-vested wall.

SUCH is the situation of Tintern Abbey. It occupies a gentle eminence in the middle of a circular valley, beautifully screened on all sides by woody hills, through which the river winds its course, and the hills closing on its entrance, and on its exit, leave no room for inclement

blasts to enter. A more pleasing retreat could not be found. The woods and glades intermixed; the windings of the river; the variety of the ground; the splendid ruin contrasted with the objects of rural nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of busy life, that it is very natural to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might easily have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it.

No part of the ruins of Tintern is seen from the river, except the abbey church. It has been an elegant Gothic pile; but it does not make that pleasing appearance as a distant object, which we expected.

But if it is less striking as a *distant* object, it exhibits on a nearer view, when the whole together cannot be seen, but the eye settles on some of its nobler parts, a very enchanting piece of ruins. Nature has now made it her own. Time has blunted the sharp edges of the chissel; and broken the regularity of opposing parts. The figured ornaments of the *east* window are gone,

most

most of the other windows, with their principal ornaments, remain. To these are superadded the ornaments of time; ivy, in masses uncommonly large, has taken possession of many parts of the wall, and gives a happy contrast to the grey-coloured stone, of which the building is composed. Nor is this undecorated: masses of various hues, with lychens, maiden hair, penny leaf, and other humble plants, overspread the surface; or hang from every point and crevice. Some of them were in flower, others only in leaf, but altogether they give those full blown tints, which add the richest finishing to an ancient ruin.

SUCH is the beautiful appearance which Tintern Abbey exhibits on the outside, in those parts where we can obtain a near view of it. But when we enter it, we see it in most perfection; at least if we consider it as an independent object, unconnected with landscape. The roof is gone; but the walls, pillars, and abutments which supported it, remain entire.

WHEN we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view; the elements of air and earth, its only covering and pavement, and the ground and venerable remains which terminated both, perfect enough to form

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the perspective; yet broken enough to destroy the regularity; the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and novelty of the scene. Among other things in this scene of desolation, the poverty and wretchedness of the inhabitants were remarkable. They occupy little huts, raised among the ruins of the monastery; and seem to have no employment but begging; as if a place, once devoted to indolence, could never again become the seat of industry.

As we left the abbey, we found the whole hamlet at the gate, either openly soliciting alms; or covertly, under the pretence of carrying us to some part of the ruins, which each of them could shew. One poor woman we followed, who had engaged to conduct us to the monk's library: she could scarce crawl; shuffling along her palsied limbs, and meagre, contracted body, by the help of two sticks. She led us through an old gate into a place overspread with nettles and briars; and pointing to the remnant of a shattered cloister, told us that was the place; it was her own mansion: all indeed she meant to tell us, was the story of her own wretchedness: and all she had to shew us, was her own miserable habitation. We did not expect to be interested: but we found we were.

I NEVER

I NEVER saw so loathsome a human dwelling; it was a cavity loftily vaulted, between two ruined walls, which streamed with various coloured streaks of unwholesome dews. The floor was earth, yielding through moisture to the tread. Not the merest utensil, or furniture of any kind appeared, but a wretched bedstead, overspread with a few rags, and drawn into the middle of the cell, to prevent its receiving the damp which trickled down the walls. At one end was an aperture, which served just to let in light enough to discover the wretchedness within.

WHEN we stood in the midst of this cell of misery, and felt the chilling damps which struck us in every direction, we were rather surprized, that the wretched inhabitant was still alive; than that she had only just lost the use of her limbs.

DESCRIPTION OF A PUBLIC EXECUTION, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ABOUT half past *eight* they came out of Newgate, amidst an infinite number of spectators and having spent some time in prayer, the fatal rope

rope was put round their necks, and after taking a last farewell of all around them, they were launched into eternity*.

THUS ended the lives of *seven* unfortunate young men, who, had they walked in the paths of honesty and sobriety, might long have remained good members of society.

TAKE warning, ye youths, by their untimely end, and refrain from ebriety and lustful passions, which, too frequently, prove the sources of future miseries and an ignominious death.

A MAN who gains a precarious livelihood, by unlawful practices, never enjoys a truly quiet moment; his conscience is continually preying upon his mind, and he feels himself under incessant apprehensions and fears—He is afraid to lie down in his bed, fearing he may be seized before morning—He is afraid to stir out in the daytime; and thinks himself suspected by every eye—He is afraid to be in company——He is afraid to be alone: and yet he cannot refrain from his vicious pursuits; temptation, especially in youth, has such a prevailing power over the human mind, and generally we "to our own defects are blind." ALWAYS

* It is too true an observation respecting public executions, that the frequency of them takes off from their solemnity.

ALWAYS retain, O youth! the remembrance of a *future* state*. Many passages recited by Moses from the creation to his time, give certain evidence of a life after this, and represent the joys of that, as the reward of a godly life here; as when of Enoch, it is said, that he walked with God and was not, for God took him; which infers, that what the Apostle, Heb. xi. 5. called translating him, was to a life more desirable than that which he had parted with, or else his untimely death far sooner than his contemporaries, could not be proposed as a reward, for his walking with, that is, *pleasing* God.

THIS translation of Enoch being known among those in whose time it happened, and by Moses recorded, for all the Israelites to know and remember it likewise, was to all those, a testimony beyond all doubt of this solemn truth, that there remaineth a life after this, and he is a truly wise man who prepares for it.

ON

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* Religion, Providence, an *after* state;
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea beside;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ON SLEEP AND WAKEFULNESS.

If you would health enjoy,
Indulge in neither long.

STUDENTS of all denominations, and they who spend the better part of their lives in reading and reflection, ought to be very attentive to the regulating of their time for sleep and wakefulness. If these be moderate and seasonable, they will be great helps for preserving and confirming the health, as well of the mind as body. The body they make more alert and lively, and the mind more erect for the exercise of its faculties. Immoderate sleep makes men stupid, lazy, listless, forgetful; and creates in them a disrelish for the prosecution of any noble art; for which reason persons of this disposition, should be spurred on to exercise and labour, in order to shake off that torpor which deters them from engaging in any liberal enterprize.

As to sleep in the *day*, I would not advise young people to accustom themselves to it, unless a diminution of strength is perceived from lassitude by heat and labour; or that the night before has been spent in unseasonable vigils, or carousing

carousing. Then without inconveniency this sleep may be indulged; otherwise, it will impair the memory, cloud the mind, bring on a heaviness and aching of the head, and cause dimness of sight, especially after a full meal. In some, it will be often attended with a nausea, a disagreeable oscitation, and pandiculation*, which is a sort of involuntary motion, performed by tossing about the arms in all manner of directions; and all this is occasioned by vapours accumulated and diffused through the body, from a certain languid affection and febrile rigor.

BUT the old, and those of mature age, may safely take a nap, that is, after dinner, so it be at some distance of time, particularly in the *summer* season, and very warm weather. This intemperature of the air naturally makes men sleepy, and then the benefit of sleep may be enjoyed, either placing the body commodiously in a chair, or on a couch, the head being raised a little, and reclined on a cushion, or pillow.

* See Johnson's Dictionary.

THE HAPPINESS OF LOVERS:—IMITATED FROM GESNER.

Indulging all to love, each was to each,
A dearer self. - - - - -

THOMSON.

THE sun was in readiness to quit the hemisphere, when Lycas and Chloe, a young and charming couple, came to sit down on the banks of a solitary rivulet, which glided purling amidst thick-set rushes. Lycas, taking his shepherdess by the hand, and laying it next his heart, in soft and sweet accents, thus told her his love and happiness.

LYCAS.

THOU green hill, thou peaceful valley! ye are witnesses that Chloe is all in all to me, and that no happiness is so great as mine when Chloe is with me. When the sun, from the tops of the mountains, brings with him a pure and serene day to the inhabitants of our fields, then do the birds join in a twittering chorus to salute the blushing morn. At the pleasing sight of dawning brightness, all the shepherds are transported with joy; yet to my ravished looks Chloe appears more beautiful and more pleasing.

CHLOE.

CHLOE.

WHEN the swallow has felt the spring, the orchards all about listen to its chattering notes. Let's sing, my companion, says the swallow, let us sing the return and presents of the new season. But I in my transport cry out: Dear companions, my heart is a thousand times more glad than that of the swallow; for I possess the heart of a virtuous shepherd: and can the charms of spring equal that happiness?

LYCAS.

STRETCHED at my ease under those thick shades, I love to see a-far off the flocks descending in slow pace from the brow of the hill, to wander about the skirts of yon dark forest; but, Chloe, I love thee better than garlands of flowers, which twist through the curls of thy nut-brown locks. I love to see the colours of a pure sky; but a smile from Chloe gives me more delight. Yes, if a bird, charmed with new life, cherishes liberty, after being enslaved; so I, my dear Chloe! believe in my tender love, do love thee much better than even the bird does liberty.

CHLOE.

Not long since I gazed at myself in a clear and limped water: sighing, I said: ah! that I could but please Lycas! Some one that instant strewed flowers over me: I saw, wavering, thy uncertain image: Troubled, and hardly able to see, I turned about—'Twas Lycas!—How great was my surprize! Thou didst salute, and press me to thy bosom. Heaven is my witness, then cried I, how well I love thee, more even than the bee loves to sip honey from the sweetest flowers.

LYCAS.

It is surely, my Chloe, a moment full of charms, when, hanging about thy neck in embraces, thou tellest me at the same time: 'I love Lycas!' Then I raise to Heaven my eyes bedewed with tears, and say with fervour: 'O God! Thou, our common Father, who hast given me Chloe, that is so dear to me, can I forget thy benefits? Must I not ever praise and thank thee for them? Then, falling by excess of tenderness on thy bosom, I renew all my vows of fidelity; immediately thy hand pats my cheek, and thy kisses dry up my tears.

CHLOE.

CHLOE.

BUT soon, my friend, our tears mingle; our sighs are common in these soft moments. Ah Lycas!—Ah Chloe!—So our hearts answer one another, and the echo repeats the same after us.

So it was that Lycas and the young Chloe consecrated their warmest wishes to love. Myrtillus, who had overheard, and felt their raptures: 'Enjoy, said he, Oh fortunate pair! your mutual tenderness; your transports have taught me the happiness of lovers.

AN ESSAY ON FLATTERY.

Beware of Parasites.

FLATTERY always supposes a weakness in the person influenced by it.

IT is this weakness that the flatterer is sure to attack, knowing the part *by which he is most easily beset*, on the side of his *vanity*.

BUT adulation, instead of gaining the affections, will rather excite the contempt of the *wise* and *prudent*: they will look upon it as an indignity

offered to their understandings, and resent it accordingly*.

VANITY eclipses the lustre of all our other virtues. It is the sure mark, the distinguishing characteristic of real desert, to be as desirous to shun applause, as assiduous to deserve it.

VANITY is a frailty too incident to human nature; whatever praises, whatever encomiums are past upon us, we are apt to think it is no more, than the just tribute of our merit and deserts.

"FLATTERY, as it is commonly managed, (an eminent writer remarks) is nothing else but a trial of skill upon a man, how many good things we can possibly say of him. All the treasuries of oratory are ransacked—all the fine things that ever were said, are heaped together for his sake; and no matter whether they justly belong to him, or not, *so that there be but enough of them.*"

To give honour where honour is due, to give every one the just tribute of their deserts, may be thought

* Hence we may learn, to treat flattery with contempt, is always a mark of discernment and good sense.

thought pardonable, as it is consistent with truth; but there is a nicety to be observed herein; so to temper the expression and sentiment, as not to offend modesty, nor incur the imputation of flattery.

DELICACY requires, that even the truth should sometimes be disguised, and not always appear in its naked, open colours, especially when the person is witness to his own praises; or when it is *immediately addrest* to him.

A DISCERNING person may easily distinguish between flattery and dissimulation, truth and sincerity.

THE one is varnished over with all the flowers of rhetoric, all the ornaments of eloquence, and false colourings that human cunning can invent, or specious artifices put together; like the heathen orator Tertullus, using all the dexterity of address, all the enticing words of man's wisdom.

ON the other hand, it is the property of truth and sincerity to stand forth to view, without any studied disguises, unadorned by any specious colourings, and divested of all external ornaments; for they need no artificial beauty to set them off to advantage.

THE

THE clergy most certainly ought to guard not only against flattery itself, but against every thing that has the most remote resemblance of it. They, whose duty it is rightly to "divide the word of truth," ought not to *have mens persons in admiration*, or *give flattering titles*. It is beneath the dignity of the pulpit to descend to any thing that is adulatory. Nothing of that kind should find admission there, where the praises of God, and him only, is the proper theme.

IT is the Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, and speaketh forth the words of truth and soberness—'tis such an one only, that *the king of kings delighteth to honour*.

A CAUTION AGAINST JUDGING BY APPEARANCES. AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT thirty years ago an English packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well, had a bare possibility of doing it.

AMONG

AMONG the passengers, there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live than *both* perish.

BY a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of these men had taken the last and long farewell, in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind, that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever.

THE other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months

months after her, not being able to survive the loss of one so dear to him.

AN ESSAY ON CHARITY.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

CHARITY or compassion towards the poor and needy, which is now justly considered by a great part of mankind as inseparable from piety, and in which almost all the goodness of the present age consists*, is, I think truly known, only to those who enjoy, either immediately, or by transmission, the light of revelation.

THOSE ancient nations who have given us the wisest models of government, and brightest examples of patriotism, whose institutions have been transcribed by all succeeding legislators, and whose history is studied by every candidate for political or military reputation, have yet left behind them no mention of alms-houses, or hospitals, of places where age might repose, or sickness be relieved.

THE

* Witness the numerous hospitals and charitable institutions, which abound not only in the metropolis, but also in every part of the kingdom

THE Roman emperors, indeed, gave large donations to their citizens and soldiers; but these distributions were reckoned rather popular than virtuous: nothing more was intended, than an ostentation of liberality, or was any other recompence expected, but suffrages and acclamations.

THEIR beneficence was merely occasional; he that ceased to need the favour of the people, ceased likewise to court it; and therefore no man thought it either necessary or wise, to make any standing provision for the needy, to look forwards to the wants of posterity, or to secure successions of charity for successions of distress.

COMPASSION is, by some reasoners, on whom the name of philosophers has been too easily conferred, resolved into an affection merely selfish, an involuntary perception of pain, at the distressing sight of a being like ourselves languishing in misery. But this sensation, if ever it is felt at all from the brute instinct of uninstructed nature, will only produce effects desultory and transient; it will never settle into a principle of action, or extend relief to calamities unseen, in generations yet unborn.

THE devotion of life or fortune to the succour of the poor, is a height of virtue to which humanity has never risen by its own power. *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*—Oh say ye happy possessors of riches, sympathy, and benevolence! how great a blessing 'tis to bless! And feel another's woe!

GENUINE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DR. BOERHAAVE.

May all Physicians copy him.

IT was the daily practice of that eminent physician, Dr. Boerhaave, throughout his whole life, as soon as he arose in the morning, which was generally very early, to retire for an *hour* to private prayer, and meditation on some part of the scriptures.

HE often told his friends, when they asked him how it was possible for him to go through so much fatigue? that it was this which gave him spirit and vigour thro' the business of the day. This he therefore recommended as the best rule he could give; for

for nothing, he said, could tend more to the health of the body, than the tranquillity of the mind; and that he knew nothing which could support himself, or his fellow-creatures, amidst the various distresses of life, but a well-grounded confidence in the Supreme Being upon the principles of christianity.

THIS remark of the Doctor's is undeniably just, for a benevolent manner of acting, and a true greatness of soul, can never flow from any other source than a consciousness of the divine favour and assistance.

HE was *five* months confined to his bed, by the gout, where he lay upon his back without daring to attempt the least motion, because any effort renewed his torments, which were so exquisite, that he was at times not only deprived of motion, but of *sense*.

DR. BOERHAAVE'S patience under his disorders, was founded, not on vain reasonings, like that of which the stoicks boasted, but on a religious composure of mind, and a Christian resignation to the will of God.

Of his sagacity, and the wonderful penetration with which he often discovered and described, at the first sight of a patient, such distempers as betray themselves by no symptoms to common eyes, such wonderful accounts have been given, as can scarcely be credited, though attested beyond all doubt.—Yet this great master of medical knowledge, was so far from a presumptuous confidence in his abilities, or from being puffed up by his riches, that he was condescending to all, and remarkably diligent in his profession; as he used often to say, that the life of a patient (if trifled with, or neglected,) would be one day required at the hand of the physician.—And he always called the poor his best patients; for God, says he, is their Paymaster.

The activity of his mind sparkled visibly in his eyes.—He was always chearful, and desirous of promoting every valuable end of conversation; and the excellency of the Christian religion was frequently the subject of it; for he asserted, on all proper occasions, the divine authority, and sacred efficacy of the Scriptures; and maintained, that they only could give peace of mind, that sweet and sacred peace, which passeth all understanding; since none can conceive it, but he who has it; and none can have it, but by divine commu-

communication. He never regarded calumny, nor detraction (for even Boerhaave himself had his enemies,) nor ever thought it necessary to confute them, "They are sparks, (said he) which, "if you do not blow, will go out of themselves. "—The surest remedy against scandal is, TO "LIVE IT DOWN by a perseverance in well-"doing; and by praying to God, that he would "cure the distempered minds of those who tra-"duce, and injure us."—An excellent method this! especially as it keeps our minds contented and unruffled, whilst the hearts of our enemies are overflowing with rancour, envy, and other diabolical passions.

HE was not to be over-awed, or depressed by the presence, frowns, or insolence of great men; but persisted, on all occasions, in doing what was right, regardless of the consequences.—He could too, with uncommon readiness, and almost to a certainty, make a conjecture of men's inclinations and capacities by their aspect.—A sagacity perhaps unequalled, and which often surprized even his most intimate acquaintance, though they so well knew his talents.

BEING once asked by a friend, who had admired his patience under great provocations,

he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion? Dr. Boerhaave answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.—But this, he said, was the work of God's grace; for he was too sensible of his own weakness to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation, by his own natural power: he attributed every good thought, and every laudable action, to the author of all goodness.

To the will of God he paid an absolute submission, without endeavouring to discover the reasons of his unsearchable determinations; and this he accounted the first and most inviolable duty of a Christian.

About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the first approaches of that fatal illness, which brought him to the grave, viz. a disorder in his breast, which was at times very painful; often threatening him with immediate suffocation; and terminated in an universal dropsy; but during this afflictive and lingering illness, his constancy

constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary cares of life, nor forgot the due preparations for death. About three weeks before his dissolution, when the Rev. Mr. Schultens (one of the most learned and exemplary divines of the age) attended him at his country-house, the doctor desired his prayers; and afterwards entered into a most remarkably judicious discourse with him, on the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul; and this he illustrated to Mr. Schultens, with wonderful perspicuity, by a description of the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties; which yet they did not so oppress or vanquish, but his soul was always master of itself, and always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker; and then he added, "He who loves God, ought to "think nothing desireable, but what is most pleas-"ing to the great and glorious object of his love.

THESE were his sentiments, and thus was his conduct in this state of weakness and pain: as death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed less sensible of pain, and more chearful under his torments, which continued till the 23d day of September, 1738, on which he died (much honoured and la-

mented) between four and five in the morning, in the *seventieth* year of his age, often recommending to the by-standers a careful observation of St. John's precepts concerning the love of God, and love of man, as frequently inculcated in his first epistle, particularly in the 5th chapter.

SUCH were the qualities of the great Boerhaave.—So far was this truly eminent man from being made impious by philosophy, or vain by his extraordinary genius for physic, that he ascribed all his abilities to the bounty, and all his goodness to the grace of God.—May his example extend its influence to all his admirers and followers*. May those who study his writings as a *Physician*, imitate his life as a *Christian*. And thus, while they are endeavouring to attain his medical knowledge, may they be aspiring likewise to his exalted piety; as he was so admirable a pattern of patience, fortitude, chearfulness, charity, candour, humility, and devotion.

A SETT

Be not a man of words but *deeds*,
Example (precepts) far exceeds.

A SETT OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS*;

WELL WORTHY TO BE ADOPTED BY ALL.

TO live and die in the public profession, and practice of true religion.

To avoid all prophane talk, and intricate debates on sacred topics.

To endeavour to surmount the intrusions of indolence of mind and body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age.

RATHER to *wear* out, than rust out.

To rise early, and as often as possible to go to bed before midnight.

To waste little of life in sleep, as we shall have enough in the grave.

To continue reading books on all useful subjects, for variety is the salt of the mind as well as of life. Other people's thoughts, like the best con-

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* To make good resolutions and to put them into practice, is a sure mark of wisdom, and the most likely method to obtain true happiness.

conversation of our companions, are generally better and more agreeable than one's own.

FREQUENTLY to think over the virtues of our acquaintances, and determine to adopt them for our own.

To admit every chearful ray of sunshine on the imagination.

To try to think more of the *living* and less of the *dead*; for the dead belong to a world of their own.

To live within our income, be it large or small.

NOT to let passion of any sort run away with our understandings.

NOT to encourage romantic hopes nor fears.

NOT to be under the dominion of superstition or enthusiasm.

NOT to undertake any thing for which the nerves of the mind or body, are not sufficiently strong.

To put in practice that dignified sentiment, "to write injuries in dust," but "kindnesses in marble."

To

To recollect, that he who can keep his own temper may be master of anothers.

If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing, on every trying occasion, yet to pull the check-string against the moroseness of spleen, or the impetuosity of peevishness.

Not to fall in love on the precipice of *threescore*, nor expect to be fallen in love with.

To contrive to have as few vacant hours upon one's hands as possible, that idleness, the mother of crimes and vices, may not pay us a visit.

Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, are always hovering over rich dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, and the second in rank amongst the senses, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold of every help, when the spirits begin to droop. Love and wine are good cordials, but are not proper for the beverage of common use.

Resolve not to go to bed on a full meal. A light supper and a good conscience are the best

best receipts for a good night's rest, and the parent of undisturbing dreams.

To let the *second* or *third* morning's thought be to consider of the employment for the day; and one of the *last* at night, to enquire what has been done in the course of it.

Not to let one's tongue run at the expence of truth.

Not to be too communicative nor too reserved.

To take the good-natured side in conversation.

Not to be too inquisitive, and eager to know secrets, nor be thought to have a head full of other people's affairs.

Not to make an enemy, nor to lose a friend.

Not to be singular in dress, in behaviour, in notions, nor expressions.

Never to give bad advice, and to strive not to set a bad example.

Seldom to give advice till asked, for it appears like giving something that is superfluous to one's self.

To be affectionate to relations, which is a kind of self-love, in preference to all other acquaintance. But not to omit paying all due respect to real merit, wherever it is found; which is superior to all the accidental chains of kindred.

To resolve not to be too free of promises, for they are sometimes very difficult to perform.

To enjoy the present, not to be made too unhappy by reflections on the past, nor to be impressed by invincible gloom on the future.

To be constantly thankful to Providence for the plenty we may have hitherto possessed, which has preserved us from a dependence on party, passions, and opinions, and kept us out of debt.

Not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements, those great enemies to the human frame.

Not to wish to have a greater hold of life, but daily to prepare for death.

Lastly—to live every day as though it was our *last*, as we know one day must be.

AN ESSAY ON THE TIMES.

Adversity makes Men wise, rather than Rich.

PHILOSOPHERS have observed, with truth, that adversity is the school of wisdom: it is the only monitor in life, who can bring the mind to a state of improving reflection, and save the thoughtless and vain from ruin and destruction. Though we all with a kind of cynical stiffness pretend to rail at the voluptuous pleasures of this life, yet the vertigo of fashion and dissipation is so charming and so tempting, that I never knew one reject it on principle, who was not awakened before, by sickness or adversity; and though these are two grand evils, which vain mortals are for ever abusing as the disturbers of their gaiety, yet, in the end, they always prove to be the best friends of human nature; and by their necessary punishments, often save men who might otherwise be lost, and make them ornaments to society.

To begin with early life: we rarely meet a youth who can be worked upon by either precept or example, to reject some headstrong pursuits which he has imbibed in his formation. The lecture, the rod, and the ferula, all fail; and yet, after

after some unfortunate, striking, melancholy accident, which hath been produced by the violence and thoughtless indiscretions of himself, you will see him all at once awakened to a sense of his error, and (from that moment) to a carriage and conduct that nothing could produce before.

AGAIN, when more advanced, you will see young men with very promising fortunes lavishly dashing through the thick and thin of debauchery and gaming, and at a certain rate that must ruin an estate ten times superior to theirs; yet then the monitor is condemned as an antiquated, old bob-wigged prig, and his admonitions are spurned with contempt, if he presumes to tell his giddy friend the ruin which certainly attends him*; for, alas! at these years, youth is all self-sufficient knowledge, and too hard-mouthed to be either reined or curbed.

IN spite of advice, the stripling whirls along at more than phaetonic rate, till he is admonished by disease, debt, or irretrievable destruction †. The ladies too, even they pursue the light meteor

* How true is that common maxim, and how often confirm'd, particularly, by *youth*,

They who most need advice are the least fond of taking it.

† An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But ideots only will be cheated twice.

of a spark; and, though the eyes of the world are universally turned upon them, will follow the handsome fellow, though their own character bleeds at every word, and the fame of the husband hangs on the tongue of every voluble vagabond of the *ton*.

PRECEPT is without effect; for no handsome woman would ever bear, or would ever suffer herself to be advised. She rolls giddily round on the vermilioned wheel of luxury, till one imprudence hurries upon another; at last reflection knocks at the door, with calumny in her hand; then at once she is inundated with a deluge of disgrace and infamy, and from that moment dashed so low as to be called insufferable, and almost as bad as the worst of all bad things—the impudent lady ——, who at present is a living monument of shame! to whom scorn for ever points his slow finger, with the bitter tongue of satire. Indeed, if a female deserves universal censure, she is an object of the severest satire; and such as virtue and chastity should hunt from the divine sisterhood of female honour.

IF we turn even towards age, whom years ought to have improved and reformed; yet even the old are so very fond of their diabolical sins, that in the whistling

whistling *climacteric* they will be the dupes of harlots and gamblers.

WERE young people to pause but one moment, and only consider the various advantages they are heirs to, by coming forward in the world, at once with the experience and knowledge of one who has tried man in all forms, shapes, and capacities; they would not hesitate to embrace and adopt admonitions, which they were convinced that the channels they flowed from, were pure, good, and wholesome.

BUT there seems a proportion of infatuation allotted to all mortals; and he is the best man who first throws it to the left, and appears the new creature, as he will have more real health and strength to combat against Pandora's box; which is as fatal to the body as the *blue-box* of Lord Mansfield is to the state: for nothing can enrage the female sex so much, as being told of their errors; and though they may be guilty of every imprudence, yet, while they dare to practise vices, they cannot bear to be told of them. If they would but believe this truth, that a fair reputation is the only real consolation of the mind, in every trouble, and the attached comfort of all hours, they would be happy in themselves, and add happiness to society.

MODERN VANITY EXPOSED.

Sing tantarara, Fools all.

THE greatest part of mankind are running a vain ambitious race, in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind them, and to overtake or pass by all before them; every one is flying from their inferiors, in pursuit of their superiors, who fly from them with equal alacrity.

WERE not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the noblesse: we have no such thing as *common* people amongst us now, between vanity and voluptuous living, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics acquiring with their learning at charity-schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and excise-men: their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or ladies women, or exercise a profession which is sure to bring them to ruin. Attornies' clerks, and city apprentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and

and their hunters, criticise at the play-houses, and sup at genteel taverns or hotels.]

THE merchant leaves his counting-house for St. James's, and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public. Every commoner of distinction is impatient of a peerage, and treads hard on the heels of quality, in dress, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

THE same foolish vanity that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us all to be, or *pretend* to be, their inseparable companions; or as the phrase is, to keep the *best* company, by which is to be understood such company as are much above us in rank and fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves avoid our inferiors. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible and honourable, to destroy his time and his fortune, at a gaming-house with the best company, as it is erroneously stated, than to enjoy the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals; and every self-conceited girl in

fashionable life, chooses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and cheerfulness, with the most amiable of her acquaintance—well may we exclaim, *O tempora! O mores!*

ON ECONOMY IN THE FAIR SEX.

Ye Fair be frugal, if you'd happy prove.

ECONOMY is so important a part of a lady's character, and so essential to her performing the proper duties of a wife and mother, let her circumstances be what they may, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the *first* duties of life. It is nevertheless an *art* as well as a *virtue*—and many well meaning persons from ignorance, or from inconsideration, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed it is too often wholly neglected in a young lady's education, and she is sent from her parents to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it.

THIS is the source of much inconvenience, for though experience and attention may supply, by degrees,

degrees, the want of instruction, yet this requires time. The family in the mean time may get into habits, which are very difficult to alter; and what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity, may be fixed too strongly, to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. The first and greatest point, is to lay out your general plan of living, in a just proportion to your fortune and rank.

If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably *within* your income, not for the pleasure of amassing wealth, but to provide for contingencies*, and to have the power of indulging your choice in the disposal of the overplus, though where there is a growing family, it is an absolute duty to lay by something every year. Regularity of payments and accounts is essential to economy; your housekeeping should be settled at least once a week, and all the bills paid; all other tradesmen should be paid at farthest once a year. You must also endeavour to acquire skill in purchasing.

In your table, as well as dress, aim at propriety and neatness, or if your situation demands it, elegance

* A change in fortune has often happen'd when it was least expected.

gance rather than superfluous figure. Needle-work is a principal part of good housewifery, many young ladies make almost every thing they wear, by which means they can make a genteel figure at a small expence. Early rising, and a good disposition of your time is requisite, as is the neatness and order of your house and furniture. Those who are continually changing their servants, have often too much reason to believe it is their own fault. Carefully avoid making a favourite of any, as it will excite envy and hatred in the rest.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MORTALITY.

Redeem Time.

DEFER not preparation for the grave, till thou art scarce able to see a death's head through a pair of spectacles; procrastination is the thief of time; punctuality is the life of business, but delay is a destroyer of happiness; be therefore up and doing while the day lasts, for the night cometh on in which all employments must cease; thou art but a tenant at will in the house of the body; the

the great disposer and owner of all things can turn thee out at his pleasure; be ready therefore to depart whenever he shall give thee warning, have not thy habitation to seek when he requires thy ejectment, but lay up thy treasure in heaven, and secure an inheritance in the regions of a blest eternity: remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, that old age may not take thee in surprize, or death approach thee when thou art unprepared.

YOU may as yet be unacquainted with the treachery of mankind, and know not the perils the ocean of life may expose you to, the smooth sea you expect, may prove rough, and the fair gales you dream of, prove hard blasts; the storm may swell high, and the billows cause perturbation; be concerned therefore to seek an interest in the favour of him, whose voice both the winds and waves obey; you are at present, it may be, in the bloom of life, and in the vigour of your days, but you cannot be ignorant that death is a lot you must soon draw; anticipate therefore the terrors of that dreadful hour; imagine your departure near at hand, and prepare for it without delay.

SUPPOSE yourselves lying on your dying pillows, in the immediate prospect of death and eternity;

nity; examine what the sentiments of your hearts would probably be at that solemn period; whether your language would be like this, with pleasure we could quit the stage of life, had we been permitted a little longer to gratify our carnal appetites and passions; or whether it would not be found quite the reverse; with what pleasure and satisfaction should we have now bid adieu to this scene of disquietude and vexation, had we obeyed the precepts of the Almighty, and devoted our lives to his service; whereas now we must leave all our joys behind us, to be transported hence to gloomy regions of endless sorrows, and eternal night.

SENTIMENTS OF EXPERIENCE ON LIFE AND MANNERS, DESERVING OUR REMEMBRANCE AND REGARD.

Life.

THE spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel.

Human.

Human life only posts to its end, swifter than time itself, without hope of renewal, unless in the world to come.

FLATTERY.

FLATTERY, though sweet to the ear is bitter to the understanding; because it makes us strangers to ourselves; it gives the name of liberal to the prodigal; wise and prudent to the avaricious; it calls the debauchee, a man of spirit; the slothful, grave; the drunkard, a good companion. In fine, there is no vice, how detestable soever, but it can cloak under the appearance of virtue.

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves.

His pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret, that destroys

destroys his happiness if he chances to find it out.

REPROOF.

BEFORE we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error in others, we ought surely to consider how much we ourselves have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct and exciting their eagerness, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which *wisdom* and *virtue* only can deserve.

WOMEN.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias, which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them

them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy,—women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a *cynic*, the woman into a *coquette*; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

CHEARFULNESS.

THERE is no life so desirable as a *chearful* life. Whatever we do, we should always keep up the chearfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an *inclination* at least, to be well pleased. The way to do this, is to keep our bodies in exercise and our minds at ease.

CONTENTMENT.

TO be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will greatly tend to preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. *Content is the parent of all earthly felicity.*

ACTIONS.

WHAT is this life, but a circulation of little trifling actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles; and, when the night comes, we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, broken thoughts, and wild imaginations*.

OUR reason lies asleep by us, and we are, for the time, as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stall or in the field.

MODESTY.

THE man who endeavours to conceal his own merit, who sets that of other people in its true light, who speaks but little of *himself*, and with modesty; such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and generally acquires their approbation and esteem†.

ENEMIES.

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* This is too true a picture of the major part of mankind, who live to little better purpose, than the enjoyment of animal gratifications.

† Modstey and diffidence are always the shades which accompany true genius; and serve to heighten the graces of real merit to the discerning, while they conceal them from the giddy and superficial.

ENEMIES.

A MAN should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, if he indulges this passion in *some* occasions, it will rise of itself in others.

WE should so live with our enemies as if they may one day become our friends, which, in the vicissitude of human affairs, very frequently happens.

TRUE FELICITY.

HAPPY! thrice happy! are those who are blest with an independent competence, and can confine their wants within the bounds of that competence, be it what it may. To such alone the bread of life is palatable and nourishing.

SWEET is the morsel that is acquired by an honest industry, the produce of which is permanent, or that flows from a source which will not fail.

GUILT, VIRTUE, AND INNOCENCE.

NO acquisitions of guilt, can compensate the loss of that solid inward comfort of mind, which

is the sure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the least counter-balance the evil of that horror and anxiety, which, in their room, guilt always introduces into the bosom.

GOOD-NATURE.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off, in some measure, from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

GOOD-NATURE is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where it is implanted; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

ADMIRATION.

HE is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause. He only

only is a great man who is indifferent to the applause of the multitude, and can enjoy himself independent of its favours.

VIRTUE.

LET the virtuous remember, amidst all their afflictions, that, however the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

CONSCIOUS Virtue is the only solid foundation of all true happiness; for, riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word, is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less *cure*, the inward pangs of conscious guilt.

DISCONTENT.

IT is natural for every man, under trouble, to murmur at his condition, because in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore though he will not be less sensible of pain, by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation, of seeking by perpetual changes, that ease which is no where to be found,

and though this disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies. The idea, that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life, throws a tenderness around him, similar to what we feel in bidding adieu to a friend, who is to leave us for a long time. There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected; the imbecility, which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived*. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it should dispose us, by every attention, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that generally hang on the evening of life †.

THE

* Old age is rightly compared to second childhood; as the powers and faculties both of mind and body, are generally at that period as weak and imbecile as in the dawn of life.

† What tho' the Sun withdraws his ray,
And clouds obscure the sky;
Dull Winter soon will steal away,
And Spring salute the eye;
But lo! when wintry age comes on,
A dreary scene's in store!
For when the Sun of Life is gone,
Then Spring returns no more.

THE GOSPEL.

I HAVE somewhere read, that the great use of philosophy is to learn to die; yet, to say the truth, one page of the *Gospel* teaches this lesson better than all the volumes of ancient and modern philosophers. The assurance it gives us of *another* and *better* life, is a much stronger support to a good mind, than all the consolations that are drawn from the necessity of nature, the emptiness or satiety of our enjoyments here, or any other topic of those declamations, which are sometimes capable of arming our minds with a stubborn patience, in bearing the thoughts of death; but never of raising them to a noble contempt of it, and much less of making us think it a real good, or great gain, as St. Paul declares it to be, and every believer in Christ will truly find it.

OLD AGE.

AN old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects.

THE GOOD MAN.

THE man, who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment, the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him. It is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied, at such hours, when those of other men are most inactive. He no sooner retires from the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that Presence, which every where surrounds and protects him.

HAPPY DEATH.

TO die happily is the certain consequence of a well spent life. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries of it; age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not *feared*. Seneca says "Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes."

Hence

Hence arises one obvious remark,—not to be too much elated with prosperity, nor too much depressed with adversity, but to look forward with hope, and to consider life as a journey, at the end of which only, we can expect to arrive at *perfect* felicity.

USEFUL QUESTIONS HAPPILY RESOLVED.

Q. WHO are they, who best represent the shadow on a sun-dial?

A. False or pretended *Friends* *, who are always present during the sunshine of fortune, but absent when a cloud over-shadows it.

Q. Who are they who seldom commend or praise their neighbours.

A. They who least deserve it themselves; who having no merit of their *own*, envy those of superior worth, and wish to bring them down to their own level †.

Q. Why

* Friends are like leaves that on the trees do grow;
In summer's prosp'rous state much love they show;
But art thou in *Adversity?* Then they,
Like leaves from trees in *Autumn*, fall away.
Happy is he, who hath a friend indeed;
But he more happy is, who none does need.

† This is the case with the greatest part of mankind.

Q. Why may what a man says of *himself*, be said to turn to his disadvantage?

A. Because if he accuses himself, his *judgement* is called in question, and if he sounds his own praise we suspect his trumpeter is dead, and that he wants one.

Q. What is our best remedies against injuries?

A. Patience and submission; as yielding to a fall does in some measure break the force of it.

Q. Why is the praise or commendation of bad men not to be coveted?

A. Because they seldom speak well of any but those who are like themselves.

Q. Which is the best way to revenge reproaches?

A. Neither to *merit* nor *mind* them.

Q. What is the best security against the fears of death?

A. To live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world.

SELECT

SELECT POEMS,

MORAL, ELEGIAC, and DESCRIPTIVE.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN BY A PERSON UNDER MISFORTUNES; IMITATED FROM GRAY.

'TIS night, dead night; and now no busy sound
Is heard along the melancholy plains,
No foot beats hollow o'er the vaulted ground,
But through the world a pensive stillness reigns:
Lost all the noise and hurry of the day,
A death-like silence in their stead remains;
Save that the Nightingale, from yonder spray,
Pours o'er the vale her sadly pleasing strains:
Save, that from yonder ivy-wreathed tower,
The screech-owl wings her solitary flight,
And, shelter'd in the gloom of yonder bower,
Tolls the slow knell of raven-coloured night;
Save that the beasts, which graze on yonder hill,
Answer each other, solemn, sad, and slow;

Save

Save the hoarse chidings of the neighbouring mill,
And the rough cadence of the stream below.
The Moon, fair regent of the silver Night,
With all the starry glories in her train,
Wide o'er the earth extends her peerless light,
And spreads her lucid mantle o'er the main.
Lost in the effulgence of reflected day,
Through Heaven's pure azure not a cloud is seen;
The trees all glitter in the dancing ray;
And dapper elves trip lightly o'er the green.
Sleep o'er the world her drowsy poppies strews,
And universal Nature owns her sway;
The village-hind, dissolv'd in soft repose,
Forgets the labours, and the cares of Day.
All nature rests—But I no rest can know;
For Sleep abhors the mansions of Despair;
" Swift on her downy pinions flies from Woe,
" And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."
Full well I know, in life's uncertain road,
The thorns of mis'ry are profusely sown:
Full well I know, in this low vile abode,
Beneath Heaven's chast'ning rod, what numbers groan.
Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath Oppression's pow'r, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart.

How

How many fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years,
The same sad track, through various scenes, pursue;
Still journeying onward thro' a vale of tears!
Me not such themes delight;—I more rejoice,
When chance some happier, better change I see,
Tho' no such change awaits my hapless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me.
For why should he who roves the dreary waste,
Still joy on ev'ry side to view the gloom?
Or when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well pleas'd reflect upon a neighbour's tomb?
If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends *.
Ev'n in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought bestow;
To Melancholy's self yield some relief,
And ease the breast surcharg'd with human woe.

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* To rejoice with them that do rejoice, is as much our duty, as to weep with them that weep.

THE GRATEFUL BEGGAR.

A FRAGMENT.

——————— STOP, traveller!——
Behold a being born like thee to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
Were his *alone* the pang of poverty;
But a dear wife, now starving far from hence,
Seven hapless hungry children at her side,
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to beg—forgive a poor man's tears;
Assist us—save us—pity my despair.—
A fellow-mortal sues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity—
Perhaps thou art an *husband*, and a *father*;
Think if thy babes, like mine, dejected lay
And held their little hands to thee for food,
What would'st thou have me do, wer't thou, like me
Driven to distress like mine?—oh! then befriend,
Make our sad case your own—I ask no more—
——————— God speed thee on thy way;
May plenty ever sit within thy house;
If thou hast children, angels guard their steps;
Health scatter roses round each little cheek,
And Heav'n at last reward thy soul with bliss—
He's gone—and left his purse within my hand;
Thou much-desir'd, thou often sought in vain,

Swift

Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
And bear the blessing to my fainting babes;
Then, gently take Louisa in my arms,
And whisper to the mourner happiest news.

EVENING REFLECTIONS,

Written in the Abbey-Church of HOLYROOD-HOUSE.

Now let imagination form a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe. SHAKESPEAR.

SUCH is the present time; now sober Eve
Has drawn her sable curtain o'er the earth,
And hush'd the busy world to soft repose.
Come then, my soul, compose each faculty,
And bid thy restless passions be at peace;
Here's room for sacred, solemn meditation,
Pleasing employment of the serious mind!
Ah! what a melancholy change is here!
This chapel, where our antient *Scottish* kings,
Have worship'd *The Most High*, must now become
A sacrifice to desolating time!
This venerable roof, which oft has rung
With *The Almighty*'s praise, must fall a prey
To the rude winds. . . . . .

Lo! in that gloomy vault, in yonder space,
Our *Caledonian* monarchs are intomb'd;
And (dreary spectacle of human woe!)
Unheeded lie,—save when the pensive sage
Deep moralizes on th' uncertain fate
Of human grandeur;—melancholy thought!
That the remains of monarchs once renown'd,
Whom once our fam'd progenitors obey'd,
Should now become the gaze of fools, who view
Their sacred reliques with an idiot grin!

And shall these sacred walls, this hallow'd fane,
Majestic ev'n in ruins! shall it fall?
Neglected fall, through shameful indolence?
Bane of our land! upbraid, ye royal shades,
Who pale and wan, with solemn steps and slow,
Traverse these mournful, unfrequented iles,
And nightly walk your solitary rounds!
Upbraid a shameful, a degenerate race;
A race that sunk in luxury, permits
These the remains where once their glory grew,
Through vile neglect to moulder into dust.

EDWIN AND THE HERMIT.

As sinking in the Western sky,
Sol shot a fainter ray,

And hovering o'er the mountains high,
The gathering vapours lay:
Through a dark wood young Edwin stray'd,
Amid its coverts lost,
While howling winds around him play'd,
In dreadful eddies tost.

The wolf's and famish'd tyger's howls,
His tender bosom fright,
Along the sky the thunder rolls,
Blue flashes cross his sight.

At length he spies a trembling flame,
His heart with transport glows,
Through the rough brake its sparkles gleam,
The tempest louder blows.

To the small light he hastes along,
And quickly reach'd the spot,
A hermit sung his evening song,
Close by his lowly cot.

"Hail, reverend father," Edwin cried;
"May I thy cottage share
"Till these loud blust'ring winds subside,
"And morning calms the air?"

The hermit lit a chearful fire,
And set him fruits to eat:
Edwin the hermit did admire,
And bless'd the lone retreat.

" Young man, may I thy story know?"
The aged father said;
" If 'tis a tale of melting woe,
" 'Twill suit my hoary head.

" For in my youth I've known distress,
" And felt the pangs of woe,
" My once great fortune now made less,
" As this poor cot may show."

The youth began: " On Trent's green side
" My father's mansion stood,
" Of neighbouring knights he was the pride,
" Born of a noble blood.

" To me, his only child, he bore
" Love and affection kind:
" He brought me up in virtue's lore,
" And rear'd my tender mind.

" Ere I had reach'd the dawn of man,
" By robbers I was stole,
" Compell'd to form the midnight plan,
" Tho' grievous to my soul.

" Twice *three* long years with them I dwelt,
" And join'd their scenes of woe;
" Yet still my bosom, conscience felt,
" I ne'er was virtue's foe.

" Their darksome cave this morn I fled,
" And sought Trent's flowery side.
" The storm arose, I gain'd this shed,
" And pass'd the forest wide."

" My

" My long-lost child!" the hermit cried;
" And art thou then return'd?"
He clasp'd young Edwin like a bride,
His heart with transport burn'd.

" If thou'rt my father," Edwin said,
" Where's grandeur's trophied hall?
" Where's the rich gem to crown thy head,
" The gold to deck thy wall?"

" Ah, son!" he cried, and smote his breast,
" The house, the gold is gone;
" And here in solitude I rest,
" Unpitied and alone.

" In this lone spot I'll tend thy age,"
The filial Edwin cried:
" For thee I'll meet the tyger's rage,
" Or haughty tyrant's pride."

Beneath this roof their lives they spent,
And made the garden smile.
The mossy sod a tombstone lent,
When death reliev'd their toil.

POLLIO.

POLLIO.

A RURAL ELEGY.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rural joys convene.

Amid the secret windings of a wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour, when to the wise and good,
The heav'nly maid repays the toils of day.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,

Where

Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;
There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.
High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.
Wild round the gates the yellow wall-flow'rs creep,
Where oft the knights their beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.
'Twas here our sires exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them! and, ah how chang'd to me!
This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my POLLIO bring;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of Spring.
When April smiles the flowery banks adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heav'n's own colours dy'd;

So

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd.

CARE AND GENEROSITY. A TALE.

OLD Care, with Industry and Art
At length so well had play'd his part;
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more;
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded gran'ries groan.
In short so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain.

NEAR him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed——
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd her blessings round the land:

Her

Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepted throng.

At length pale Pen'ry seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made *one* friend——
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before;
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came *Care.*——
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine;
All will be well—You shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.——
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part——

The Bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest;
The bride in *nine* moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face united Care and Glee,
They christen'd her *Oeconomy*;
And stiled her fair Discretion's Queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from *Care.*

THE COXCOMB AND MONKEY.

AN EPIGRAM.

AS Venus took lately her round thro' the town,
She found Chloe weeping and moaping alone:
Surprized at the change, in an humour quite gay,
She asked her the cause, and heard Pug was away.
Strait Cupid was summon'd. " Is this then your
" care?
" Is it thus (cried the goddess) you wait on the fair?
" Go, find out the monkey. No, grumbling! but
go."
Strait Cupid ran off, and return'd with a *Beau*.
" Was there e'er such a blund'rer? Why, sirrah,
I swear,"
(And with that she bestow'd a smart box on his ear)
" You'd provoke e'en a saint. " The poor urchin
rejoin'd,
" Don't you know ,dear mama, that your Cupid is
blind?
" Besides, this odd thing had an *Argus* betray'd,
" It so frolick'd and flutter'd, and caper'd and
play'd:
" So like it at once both in tricks and in shape;
" What else could I do but suppose 'twas an *Ape*."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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